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BRIEF MEMOIR OF CAPT. CHRISTOPHER PAGE FARLEY, OF HOLLIS N. H. AND OF REV. CALEB JEWETT TENNEY D. D.

The celebrated Plutarch, who wrote more *lives* than any other man, frequently wrote them in *pairs*. There is, doubtless, some advantage in this mode of biography; and we adopt it in the present article.

The two men, whose names are given above, were not only persons of much merit and distinction, but also born in the same town, (Hollis,) and within half a mile of each other, and within about two years difference in the time of their nativity: Mr. Farley in the year 1778, Mr. Tenney in May 1780. Nor in the time of their deaths were they much divided. Both of them were born of highly respectable parents; and in their boyhood, were stout and healthy. Farley was then far more *active, forward*, and *buoyant*. They went to the same *meeting*, and attended the same district *school*. Neither of them distinguished himself as a scholar in the common school. Farley was foremost in all athletic plays and diversions; but Tenney took no part in them. The former was habitually *brisk* and *bright*, the latter *sober* and *sedate*.—Neither of them were addicted to any vice, or ever became involved in any trouble for misdemeanor. At the age of fourteen each of them commenced a course for life. Farley was apprenticed in a *tannery*; Tenney was sent to an *Academy*. From this time forward he held *distinction* as a scholar. He was sedulous, earnest, and made uncommon proficiency. Having spent three years in preparatory studies, he entered Dartmouth College, 1797, and there graduated in 1801. He was member of the same class with Daniel Webster, and at the time of their graduation received the enviable appointment to deliver the *valedictory* oration—a distinction which Webster and one half of the class had expected for him; and being exceedingly disappointed and provoked they made a serious, noise and much turmoil. At commencement, Tenney, whose situation was very delicate and difficult, acquitted himself excellently well; to the entire satisfaction of all his *numerous friends*. After leaving college he entered immediately on a course of Theology, under the supervision of Rev. Dr. Burton, Thetford, Vt. This course he pursued for one year, and then took the usual license of a preacher of the Gospel. Immediately after this, he made a tour into the valley of the Hudson and the Mohawk rivers; and returned to his home, in Hollis, sick of fever and ague; and was unable to go abroad for six or eight months. The next summer, 1803, he spent with Drs. N. Worcester and S. Spring, in Salem and Newburyport; and in the Autumn, went to Newport, R. I. and preached about three months, to the parish of Rev. Dr. S. Hopkins, who was then living and able to attend meeting. In 1804, he returned to Newport and was there ordained in the month of September. He continued here about eleven years. In 1815 he exchanged his residence in Newport for one in Weathersfield, Ct. Here he had one of the best parishes in the State; and continued in it about twenty five years. But during nearly ten years of this term of time, he was unable regularly to officiate in the pulpit, and on this account took his dismission, in 1840, and went to reside in Springfield, Mass. Thence, after two or three years, he removed to Northampton, where he finished his earthly career, Sept. 30, 1847 at the age of 67 years. Mr. Farley died in July 1848 aged 70 years.

Mr. F. and Mr. T. were married nearly at the same time, 1808; the former to Miss Mary Sherwin of Hollis; the latter, to Miss Ruth Channing, of Newport, daughter of Capt. John Channing, a brother of the father of the late Dr. Wm. E. Channing of Boston. Mr. T's wife bore him six children; four sons, and two daughters, all of whom, we believe, survive their father.

Their mother died in Weathersfield, some ten or twelve years ago. Mr. F's. wife lived but one year after her marriage and died of consumption, just after having given birth to a female child, so small and frail, that it was *saved*, almost against hope, only by the best attention to its physical nurture. This daughter is now living and is the sole inheritor of her father's estate; estimated to amount to $ 50,000.

Mr. Farley, as we have already intimated was a *tanner*, as was also his father before him, on the same premises. Mr. F. was the third child, and the second son of eight children; Mr. T. the second child, and the oldest son in a family of four sons and four daughters. Mr. F. inherited a patrimony of, perhaps, $500. This by his industry, prudence, and tact for business, he increased to the rate of *one thousand per cent.* He worked the tannery for some twenty five or thirty years: then gave up the business, and employed himself on his farm and in taking care of his stocks and loans. When about fifty years of age, he was cosiderably troubled with cough and consumptive symptoms, but in time they disappeared. He never, however, regained his former firmness of health; he gradually lost strength; his lower limbs failed to possess their due muscular power; the trunk of his body became unduly loaded with flesh and fat; his lungs had not room to play their official parts, and he seems to have literally died for want of breath.

Mr. Tenney never enjoyed firm health after having the fever and ague, for six months, in the Autumn, Winter and Spring of 1802 and 3. While going through his educational course, he enjoyed a good condition of the physical system, but never afterwards. This prevented him from being the close, hard student in the *minister's* study, when he had been in the *scholar's* chamber. Hence, he did not *grow* so much as some ministers do. He was not *stationary*, though his *conservatism* was, probably, his greatest fault and hindered him from making due progress. Having been educated according to the straitest sect of orthodoxy, he held fast his profession; not doubting that it had been *his* rare felicity to have been nurtured in the *truth*, while as many as nine out of ten of the human family fail of enjoying that fortunate contingency. He, however, did not consider it a *contingency*, but a special *appointment* of God. But how can one man's lot in life be more a matter of divine *appointment* than another?

Mr. T., when in college, was a pleasant and a good speaker. But after he had preached a few years, his manner of speech became *monotonous* and *drawling*. He always wrote well. He always acquitted himself well in extemporaneous speech; never hesitating for a word, nor using words ill-fitted to his purpose. He was always self-possessed and discreet; never spoke or acted hastily and unfortunately. He had no *weak* faculty; every power of his mind was good; though, perhaps, no one of them was remarkably *great*.

The religious sensibility of these two men were different. Mr. T. was easily moved. Hence, he obtained an early and an easy conversion, in the spring of 1797, a few months before he entered college. From that time forward he had few or no spiritual difficulties. He was constantly standing on high ground, as to theory, and in practice fell into few or no indiscretions and delinquencies. His course was in the sunshine of religious hope. Not so with Mr. F. His religious sensibility was more phlegmatic. He never could attain in a religious *hope*, in its technical sense. He had a religious belief, and it was orthodox. He sincerely desired to be the subject of conversion. He would have gladly secured it, had he understood the way. But it was never his privilege either to know the way or to realize the thing. Hence, he walked in a *cloud* through life to the grave.

In our view, both these worthy men were unfortunate in their religious nature. But one of them suffered far more from it than the other. Mr. T's. religion was a constant support and comfort to him. But Mr. F. could turn his to no good account. It made him fear, but did not enable him to love and rejoice. Nor was this properly his own fault. The fault was in his spiritual organization. By this, religion, as he was taught it, was put beyond his reach. An image was before him, but he could not discern the form of it.

The substance of the religious instruction, which Mr. F. heard all his days, was to this amount; the great end of life is, to be converted; get converted and you are safe; obtain conversion, and all else will come of course; but without, all else is of no use; no worth. Now, suppose that he had been differently instructed; that the great end of life was to do good; to learn truth and practice it; to put the powers, given to us by our Divine Creator, to their best use; not to expect new endowments, but to employ rightly what we already have; not to wait God's time, but to improve our own. Such instruction, backed by the incomparable force which always attends religious belief, would doubtless have made Mr. F. a different man. He might have lived in the sunshine of religious hope, not in the shade of anxious apprehension; not shutting his eyes to the future, afraid to look at it; but lifting them up to the everlasting hills.

Mr. F., during the latter part of his life, possessed much wealth. With this he might have both done a great amount of good and also enjoyed it. Yet, in a manner, he made no use of his wealth, nor can this fact be considered as a just cause of wonder. He had not been instructed in the lesson that to do good was life's chief end, and man's true glory. And who can reasonably expect that a man's life will be better than his teaching.

We have intimated that Mr. T.'s theology was a disadvantage to his usefulness. It hindered him from *growing*, as Channing did. Channing and Tenney were of the same age; one of them born in April, and the other in May, of 1780. Tenney married Channing's cousin and was settled in the parish of the family. They of course became intimate acquaintances, and preached in each other's pulpits. When they started there was not, perhaps, much observable difference either in their theology or in their talents. But what difference there was *increased* every day. Channing *aimed* to make progress. He was not *afraid* to change a religious opinion. He was, consequently, a *growing* man. He continued to grow as long as he lived. But Mr. Tenney thought this description of growth to be a sin. He might have grown had he chosen. And had he have grown, new walks of usefulness would, doubtless, have been opened before him, as they were before Channing and Worcester.

Mr. T. planned a great work, which should be the enduring monument of his life, but which ill health prevented him from accomplishing. It was to write a discourse, longer or shorter, as the case should require, on each answer in the Assembly's Catechism. How much progress he made in the execution of his plan, we do not know. Of this, however, we are confident, that the bestowment of even a book upon the world would not have contributed much to the measure of the author's usefulness.

As Mr. T., in his preaching, aimed more at the conversion of his hearers, than at their improvement and progress, this thing must have been a drawback on his pulpit usefulness. If starting in the race be made the matter of chief account, the running well will be thrown into the back ground; cast into the shade.

We have repeatedly spoken of Mr. T.'s ill health. It was of a complex character, consisting of impaired digestive organs in the stomach, and of bronchitis in the throat. From these, in a measure, he was relieved during the last six or eight years of his life. These years he employed in laboring as an agent for the Colonization Society. He had been out, a month or two, in this employment, returned home about the 10th of Sept, appeared much worn down and exhausted, but instead of redingtegration from rest, he gradually sunk, for twenty days, and then died.

In conclusion we remark, the difference between the characters of the two men, under consideration, is, perhaps, less in reality, than it is in the popular estimation. With the greater part of those who were personally acquainted with both, Dr. T. is accounted *a saint*, and Capt. F. *a worldling*. That there was considerable difference we admit. The former was the more *amiable, generous, conscientious, religious* man. He had a much greater share of *mental culture*. His pursuits and habits of life were more favorable to it. Mr. F. probably, never had the thing distinctly suggested to him; the thought of nurturing and elevating the *best tastes and faculties* of his mind. The books which he read, the preaching which he heard, overlooked this thing. When he heard Mr. T. himself, preach, the great theme was *supernatural conversion*. Be converted and all other graces will come of course. Mr. T. aimed to *fence the sinner in*; to place him in a *fix*; impressing him with the conviction that the more *dependent* he was, the more *guilty*; that he was as responsible for his conversion as though he possessed *all* power; at the same time as dependent for it as though he had *no* power at all. Bring the sinner into this fix, and he stands *amazed*; cannot stir an inch. He now lies at Bethesda, and the angel of healing is more likely to descend. But even now his descent is not certain. For it was said that the highest possible degree of conviction did not insure conversion. But the sinner would not remain very long in the mental state above described. He would, ere long, come out of it either *with* a hope, or *without* it. And in the latter alternative, his condition was nearly desperate. He was *burnt ground*; the fuel of religious sensibility almost wholly *consumed out* of him, the last state of the man worse than the first; the preaching of the gospel, a savor of death to him who heard it.

Had Mr. F. ever been so instructed as to have been led to make *mental elevation* a distinct object of thought and desire, he might have had better aims, and made other attainments. We doubt not that Mr. T. starts, in the next sphere of his being, much ahead of Mr. F. But his advantage is more the result of contingencies than of purpose and moral effort. Both these were *honest* men. They injured none of their fellow creatures. No man, we think, ever complained that he had been wronged by either of them. Both made themselves useful: Tenney by an exemplary work and many good instructions; Farley, by industry, discretion, fair dealing and the accumulation of perhaps four times the amount of wealth which any man in the town had ever accumulated before him. This wealth does good *somewhere*. It is, and it has been, an advantage to the town. It will, doubtless, materially help a widowed sister and her some six or eight children. Many will have cause to bless the man who provided it.

We believe that both these men did, to some considerable extent, accomplish life's great purpose; but neither of them fully. In both, there were deficiencies and faults. In both there were virtues and excellencies. Dr. T. was superior as a *Christian*. And it was naught but his sectarianism which prevented him from being a clear burning and shining light, "having no part dark." As he was, his memory is "that of the just which is blessed." S. F.

LETTERS FROM REV. T. CLAPP.—NO. IV.

NEW ORLEANS, 29th August, 1849.

REV. N. S. FOLSOM:

Dear Sir,—

In your paper of the 18th inst., the seventh verse, second chapter of Romans is declared to contain an *explicit and absolute statement* of the terms on which the happiness of a future state will be bestowed. I am compelled to doubt the correctness of the interpretation which you have given of this passage. Your remarks, as I understand them, are based upon the position, that the original word rendered immortality in the verse just mentioned, is employed by the apostle to signify that state of endless and perfect happiness beyond the grave, which is usually denominated heaven. No doubt you are well aware, that some able expounders are inclined to the opinion that the term has really the same meaning here, which it bears in the 24th verse 6th chapter of the Ephesians. In this text, it is represented by our translators to express the sincerity or incorruptibleness of Christian love. According to this interpretation the apostle promises "life *to those who seek for honor, glory and holiness incorruptible.*"

Others think that the term immortality in the passage before us, has the force of an adjective qualifying the substantatives "glory" and "honor." Then it would read thus. "*To them who seek for true unfading glory and honor*, &c. The same divines give to the phrase "*eternal life*," the peculiar signification which it has in John 5: 24, 17: 3, &c, where it simply expresses the peace, and blessedness enjoyed on *earth* by those who obey the precepts of Jesus.

The judgment spoken of in the 16th verse, 2nd chapter of Romans, it is thought by many, has no reference to a future state of retribution. Every Biblical student knows that the Greek word rendered *day* in this passage, was of frequent use in the age of the apostles to denote the Christian era—the reign of Christ on earth, or what is commonly called the Christian dispensation. According to this mode of intepretation, the thoughts and reasoning of the whole chapter are simple, natural, consistent and harmonious with the general predominant teachings of the New Testament. Were it not for the two words *immortality* in the seventh, and *day* in the sixteenth verse, all commentators, I think, would have concurred in the opinion that the entire contents of Romans second chapter relate to the scenes, duties, joys or sufferings of man on earth, not in eternity. Such were the stupidity, pride and ignorance of the Jews whom Paul addressed in this portion of sacred writ, that they imagined themselves superior to all the Gentiles, merely on account of their genealogical descent, and scrupulous observance of the rites and ceremonies prescribed by Moses. The apostle attempts to undeceive them by showing that the principles of Christianity reduced all mankind to the same humbling level of weakness, guilt and dependence; that 'in Christ Jesus, neither circumsion nor uncircumcision availeth any thing, but a holy heart and life. In the compass of a short epistle, it is not possible to offer for your consideration a critical and thorough elucidation of this chapter. My object now is simply to suggest some of the reasons, which constrain me to believe that there is not in the second of Romans, a single clear, absolute and indubitable reference to a state of retribution beyond the grave. Yet I most firmly believe in such a retribution.

But I have a still stronger objection to urge against your interpretation of second Romans, seventh. It is a solemn announcement to the world, that eternal happiness will be bestowed upon the children of men, on the principle of reward for their *well doing* in the present life. I often hear it asserted in conversation and in the pulpit, that the Unitarians do not depend on Jesus for salvation; that they expect to gain everlasting happiness by their *own merit*, or *well doing*. When such remarks are made to me in the social circle, I am in the habit of presenting quotations from your eminent writers, in which they affirm that Unitarians maintain the doctrine 'that eternal life is the vast unbounded and unmerited gift of divine mercy'; that 'men can do nothing as meritorious or efficacious to procure salvation'; that 'man of himself is nothing; that he owes all to his Maker, life, breath, soul, and mind, and might, forgiveness through Jesus, repentance, piety, hope and unending happiness,' &c. I have seen Presbyterians listen to these quotations with great apparent surprise, and exclaim, 'if this is Unitarianism, we have no objection to it.' Now, dear sir, allow me to ask, have I misapprehended the views of your church with regard to this particular doctrine? Do any of your ministers teach that the good works of Christians, performed in this world, merit an endless reward of happiness beyond the grave? Then, it seems to me, they cannot consistently proclaim the doctrine that salvation is all of grace—a free gift—and not a remuneration for *well doing*.

It is admitted by clergymen of every name in the United States, that sinners can never enter the kingdom of heaven. Respecting this point there is no controversy. For heaven is nothing but a wise and holy state of mind. It seems to me ridiculously absurd to talk about the salvation of sinners, irrespective of their characters. For the salvation of a sinner simply consists in making his character good and holy. All agree that not one of the human race can be saved until he becomes holy. But then, no finite holiness can entitle us to a seat in the mansions of everlasting glory. Dr. Franklin somewhere remarks that there is an infinite disproportion between any amount of human merit and the reward of eternal happiness; that to anticipate endless joy as a return for our well doing here, is as absurd as it would be to expect the bestowment of a splendid fortune for the giving of a cup of cold water to a thirsty traveller.

Besides, with the exception of our Lord Jesus Christ, no one of the human race has ever led a perfect holy life. Perhaps there never was a better man than Dr. Channing. Yet he tells us he was a sinner; that he had not advanced in the path of duty with an unfaltering step; that he had not been always true to God and the dictates of his own mind; that he had cause for humble acknowledgment, and that a sense of unworthiness before God should form a part of every man's tone and feeling. Surely, every Christian must perceive the beauty and truth of these observations. If I understand the principles of the gospel, the best man living and the greatest reprobate, are equally dependent for svalation upon that infinite and unmerited grace which Jesus has revealed for our hope and encouragement. I do not mean to intimate that they are equally prepared to die. O, no! To depart from these transitory scenes in the possession of such a character as that of Channing, is a blessing whose dimensions no finite mind can grasp—no words describe. On the contrary, it is a calamity vast and inconceivable, to die unprepared; to go into eternity, to learn by personal experience what is the nature and duration of the discipline, which awaits the finally impenitent in "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns."

Truly; and affectionately, yours,

T. CLAPP.

NO. V.

NEW ORLEANS, August 30th, 1849.

DEAR SIR:—In a former communication I have argued that the parental character of God as revealed by his Son, is a sufficient proof of the doctrine that all men will be finally saved. For to the eye of reason, unbounded Love cannot call into existence a race of beings under circumstances, which would even render them liable or exposed to complete, intense and eternal wretchedness. God cannot choose and carry into effect a plan of creation, which involves of necessity a great, dreadful, and everlasting wrong.

The objection has been urged against this argument, that finite minds are unable to decide what is, or what is not consonant to the principles of Divine benevolence, because it is infinite and unsearchable. But to this I reply, that if the infinitude of God's goodness places it entirely and forever beyond the grasp of our minds—our utmost stretch of thought, reasoning, fancy, or imagination—then the same cause infinity must place his other moral attributes justice, wisdom &c., absolutely above and beyond our comprehension. Upon this theory, to us God is lost and swallowed up in his own immensity, and we have nothing left but the dark and cheerless dogmas of Atheism. We are alone in the universe—poor, benighted orphans, wandering on a bleak and awful waste—vile weeds tossed upon the billows of chance or fate, "where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail." But this question is forever settled by the instructions of our Saviour. He assures us that it is our duty to be perfect, as our Father in heaven is perfect. How is it possible for us to imitate God's perfections, without some correct ideas of the nature and glories of his character? It is certain, then, that our Father will not permit an unmixed, remediless and interminable evil to blast the fates of his children.—

Again, it is alleged that evil exists in this world, and we may therefore infer from analogy, that its existence in the eternal world is not inconsistent with the Divine attributes. If God can consistently allow evil to exist a thousand years, why may he not without any impropriety, permit it to run on through all the centuries and cycles of a coming eternity? I reply, this mode of reasoning rests upon a position which has never yet been proved to be true. We are not authorized to assert, that the imperfections of this life are, all things considered, an absolute evil. They may be "but blessings in disguise." The Bible assures us that all created things revolve in the bosom of infinite love—that nothing is or can be—that not a breath of air moves, not a withered leaf falls to the ground, not a pain is felt, not a sin is committed, not the most inconsiderable thing can occur—without the knowledge, permission and appointment of our Heavenly Father. It is certain, then, from the teachings of Scripture, that since the eye of Omniscience is directed upon everything, and his unerring wisdom takes care of all, whatever appears to us evil in this world must be the necessary consequence or means of a greater good.

"Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right as relative to all."

It is easy to reconcile the apparent evils of a limited period, with infinite benevolence; but endless evil can neither be originated nor permitted except by unbounded malevolence. So much is self-evident.

What are the principles of God's proceedings with sinners in the present world? Let our Saviour answer this question. "Your Father maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. God so *loved* the world &c." We all admit the immutableness of the Supreme Being. He cannot therefore be less kind to the wicked after their death than he is now. If, as Jesus teaches, the Father of all regards sinners with an infinite attachment, I am certain that their means of improvement and happiness will be continually enlarged, as they travel along the line of an interminable existence. But we are told that human life is a state of probation which terminates at the grave. Those, who die in their sins, immediately enter upon a state where there will be no opportunities of repentance, or reformation, through a long eternity. Who can believe this? Not one text of the Bible fairly explained, supports the shocking sentiment. It is abhorrent to reason. What a strange idea that God will punish sinners by making it forever impossible for them to abstain from the commission of sin! Imagine an earthly parent to deal with an erring child upon this principle, if it were permitted. The little boy, for example, has uttered a falsehood. Now, suppose the father were to punish that son, by placing him in a situation where it would be impossible for him ever to speak the truth again. What should we think of the moral character of such a parent? Can God display to the intelligent universe his displeasure of *sin* by ordaining its endless perpetuity? Incredible! The truth is, so long as a sinner lives, whether in this world or any other, he must of necessity enjoy the means and opportunities of repentance. The sinner in a state of existence where he could not obey the law of God, would cease to be a moral agent and become as incapable of punishment as a tree, or a block of marble.

Once more, it is said, that admitting the boundless benevolence of the Deity, and his purpose to effectuate the greatest possible good of his intelligent creation, it may be that such is the nature of things, that the greatest happiness of the greatest part of mankind cannot be attained without the sacrifice or destruction of the smaller portion—the minority. I answer, the theory that the highest happiness of the universe may require the eternal punishment of a part of the human race is a merely gratuitous assumption, entirely inaccessible to reasoning. We read in the Bible that the Creator has no antagonist, no equal and no superior; that his wisdom and power have always done what was most gratifying to his unbounded benevolence throughout the regions of illimitable space and the ages of eternity. Besides, according to scripture what is called nature was made by God and cannot, therefore, be fraught with elements subversive of his own benevolent purposes in the work of creation. Turn which way we will there is no evading the force of the truth that the attributes which the New Testament ascribes to our Father, imperatively demand the ultimate holiness of all mankind. I believe, with Dr. Channing, "that God's justice is only a wise benevolence, employing rewards and punishments to exalt intelligent creatures to a most perfect and happy character—a participation of that moral goodness which forms His own felicity." I further believe with him, "that in this world God is training men by prosperity and adversity, by aid and obstructions, by conflicts of reason and passion, by motives to duty and temptations to sin, by a various discipline suited to our nature, for an ultimate union with himself, and for a sublime and ever growing virtue in heaven." And I also believe, that a system of religion which denies or doubts the final redemption of our race "takes from us our Father in heaven, and substitutes for him a being whom we cannot love if we would, and whom we ought not to love if we could."

How sublime and glorious the doctrine of the ultimate reconciliation of the human family to God! How passing strange, that any clergyman should entertain the apprehension, that, even if it be true, it is dangerous to teach it!—Dangerous to teach the sentiment announced to the shepherds by angels at the birth of Christ, that in the mighty roll of endless ages the time is coming, when the last wandering prodigal shall be brought back to his Father's house, amid the rejoicings and alleluiahs of the countless millions, who will forever encircle the throne of Him whose Son poured out his life for their redemption! Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!

Truly and affectionately yours, &c.

T. CLAPP.

REV. DR. PIERCE.

The departure of this aged minister, of whom was presented in a recent paper a full and interesting notice from the Boston correspondent of the Christian Inquirer, gave occasion for several discourses in the pulpits where he has been most known. The following extracts are from a sermon preached the Sabbath following his interment, by Rev. Frederic A. Whitney, at Brighton, where, as we learn, Dr. Pierce had preached oftener than in any other pulpit except his own. The sermon was from the text, "Thy will be done," words expressing the last sentiment to which Dr. Pierce gave utterance on earth, and were connected with another affecting incident of which the discourse speaks.

"These words point us to that unreserved submission to the divine will, which distinguished the whole life of Jesus no less than its approaching close, when they were uttered, and which it should be the purpose and the prayer of every one to possess. Two occurrences within the past week, widely different as I suppose all would, at first view, exclaim, yet essentially alike, when regarded in the peace of Christian submission, as the appointment of the same wise and good God, have led me to choose these words now. "Thy will be done." Let me name the occurrences which have brought these words up, endeavoring to connect, in a Christian way, with each, the sentiment of the text.

The good old minister of the neighboring parish, so long known, so kindly greeting us, and ever so warmly greeted in these places, has been removed to the spiritual world. And with the past week we have gathered, a multitude, unwonted even at the bier of the good, gathered, as at a Christian triumph, for his burial. This event is in my thoughts as I come here this morning. And further, a bright young girl, numbering in a sunny heart some twelve summers, came with us last Sunday, joining in the pleasant exercises of the Sabbath School and in our worship here, sat with her schoolmates on yet two successive days of the opening week, till smitten down by disease on the fourth morning only from that Sabbath last, was released from earth and suffering. To day she worships, perhaps, nearer to the Father whom we are here in this earthly temple to acknowledge, whose providence not all fathomed by us, yet all benign, we humbly adore. "She is not dead but sleepeth," said Jesus, when he came to the ruler's house at Capernaum, of which the Scripture lesson of this morning informed us, and called back the spirit of the "damsel of twelve years," to abide longer in the body. And

"She is not dead—the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule."

And now in reference to each, the young and the old, called together, before him in whose sight a thousand years are but as yesterday, when it is passed, it is for us to assent to that divine prayer of Jesus, "Thy will be done."

Of our venerable father, for whom we sorrow only that we shall see his face no more, it was the last prayer which, in human language, he uttered, as its spirit had so peculiarly sanctified his life. He has fought the good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith. With the patriarch, how truly has he been gathered to his fathers in peace! How truly in "a full age" has he come to the grave, "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." Those lines which, a few years since, were suggested by the departure of another aged minister of Christ, bound in close fellowship with our friend, and like him a faithful shepherd, through more than half a century, to the flock over whom he was set, how aptly seem they spoken of him!

The old man is at rest; the full, ripe ear,
Is gathered to the granary of God.
The noble relic of the olden time,
Beneath the weight of years has sunk at last.
The shepherd, silver-haired and reverend,
Has gone to meet the flock of his first love,
By heaven's still waters and its pastures green,
The spirit's father-land. The living link
Which bound this generation to the last
Lies broken in that old man's new made grave.
That manly heart no frosts of age could chill,
That calm, clear eye, that mirrored to the last
The light of heaven, that earnest, fearless voice,
To which our fathers lent a reverent ear,
Which fell upon our own as the deep tones
Of some old oracle—are *our's* no more.

It were needless, perhaps, my friends, to portray minutely here a character which, both from its singular transparency, and from your own frequent intercourse with its esteemed subject, was so well understood. And yet I doubt not that justice to your own feelings, more even than to him of whom we speak, would demand from this place this passing tribute to his memory and worth. I do not forget how often he has been with you at your homes, and in this and in your former place of worship; how his benign countenance has gladdened your festivities, or his ready sympathy waited on your sorrows. I do not forget that some of the families of our congregation sat in former years beneath his apostolic ministry, or that next to his own pulpit, where he stood so long, he has preached oftener in ours than in any other through the wide circle in which his clear, strong voice was heard. Or who of us that listened to him, but seven days before disease bowed his sturdy frame, can have forgotten with what surprising vigor he appeared before that crowded assembly in our midst,* discoursing for an hour and a half, with all the enthusiasm of his earlier days, of the life and character of the distinguished statesman of our country who, one year before that very day, had died at the capitol! Entering indeed upon his ministry but twelve years later than your early pastor,† who, for nearly half a century, here dispensed the word of Christ, he enjoyed long with him the most intimate Christian intercourse and fraternal fellowship.

Thus side by side with you and with your fathers has he fulfilled that ministry which numbered so many years, most faithful to his powers, most diligent in all his opportunities of usefulness, with a loving heart towards God and man, and a trusting faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, whose servant he was, which faith seemed even below to be well nigh turned to sight. Thus long has he testified, as with the apostle, so sincerely the gospel of the grace of God, and walked before this community, whose confidence he so largely shared, in blameless conversation, in the beauty of a Christian example, in the power of a true and holy life. The consistent friend of virtue and purity from his earliest youth, so especially was his hoary head that scripture "crown of glory," being found in the way of righteousness.

He was interested widely, as have been few, in all causes which concerned the glory of God, the Redeemer's kingdom, the welfare of man. Earnest for the exact truth and retentive of facts as few are found, he has amassed and transmitted stores of information, marking the character and influences of this age, which will be authority in times far distant, from which will come back a blessing for his service. Some persons not sufficiently regarding that infinite variety of mental manifestation with which the Creator is well pleased, may be disposed to undervalue the particular department of knowledge in which he, of whom we speak, most loved to gather stores. And yet when we consider how widely known at this time are some, who in the early days of New England laid by scanty records only of cotemporary events for posterity, we cannot doubt that the voluminous historical and statistical collections of our friend will constitute, in themselves, no trifling claim to a long remembrance, apart from the kind heart which, alone, prompted and ever enlivened this his almost daily pursuit. And I believe that centuries hence there will appear in the margins of many a work grateful references to "Pierce's Manuscripts," when volume on volume now floating prosperously on the current of popular favor shall have gone down to utter oblivion.

* * * * *

Singularly happy, indeed, has been his wide ministry, his prolonged years. Through more than two thirds of his life he has dwelt among his own people, following to the grave how many, even in mature years, whom in infancy he had baptized, and leaving behind how few who welcomed him in the morning of his days to his labor! Let his own words, but lately written, tell us, as they do simply and humbly, of that grateful and harmonious connection with his charge. "My time has passed so pleasantly," he says, "would to God I could add so profitably, that it requires all my knowledge of dates to convince myself that the period has been so long. I have had my trials, yet so greatly have these been outnumbered and outweighed by mercies, that if, during a ministry unusually prolonged, any bitter things may have been said or written against me, they have been traced on the sand which the tide of time has wholly obliterated; so that with scarcely an abatement I can adopt the language of the apostle and say, "I joy and rejoice in you all."

* * * * *

Count no man happy till his death, said an ancient maxim. Fortunate even in the spirit of that saying, may we not pronounce our departed father, that from days of active usefulness and honor he came thus to advanced life, with the benedictions of the young and the old alike upon him, with the respect and affection of other generations smoothing his pathway to the tomb! Beautiful and sacred became that closing period of age and gentle infirmity, when so many of every name, whose regards his wide and loving charity had won, when children and children's children, in the spirit of dutiful reverence and affection, united to do honor to the old. Fortunate above all that there remained, growing brighter to the last, that cheerful trust in the Lord, that meek reliance on the Saviour's word, that unfaltering submission to the Father's will, through which the aged pilgrim laid down in such peace his earthly staff, ceased from his mortal labors, and went gladly to his rest. Of such an one as he, how well has our gifted poet sung in those familiar strains.

Why weep ye then for him who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed,
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues when the bright sun is set?
His youth was innocent; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.
And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward,
Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
When his weak hand grew feeble, and his eye
Dim with the mists of age, it was his time to die.

So, laden with years, and in the calm peace of God, has our venerable father passed on through the gates of the grave to the life eternal. Peace to the memory we shall love to recall. And may we trust that the counsels which he has imparted may live long in the hearts which have been wont to listen to them, and that thus his parting desire, of which his colleague told us so touchingly last week, may be fulfilled, that his many friends might express their love to him by seeking and loving Christ, and by striving to live as his disciples.

* Dr. Pierce delivered a lecture before the Brighton Lyceum on John Quincy Adams, on the anniversary of his death, abounding in interesting reminiscences of the son and the father, with both of whom he enjoyed an intimate acquaintance. This was on Friday evening, the 23d of February last. On the Friday of the succeeding week, March 2d, he was attacked with disease. As this was his last public address of any length, we append the following resolutions, which were transmitted to him on that occasion.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Managers of the Brighton Lyceum be presented to the Rev. John Pierce, D. D., for the highly instructive and interesting lecture on the life and character of the late John Quincy Adams, which he pronounced before the Lyceum on the evening of the 23d of February, the anniversary of Mr. Adams' death.

Resolved, That in thus conveying to Dr. Pierce their own cordial approbation and satisfaction, they do but express the gratification which was felt by all who had the pleasure of listening to the lecture. And while in behalf of the Lyceum they record this grateful acknowledgment, they cannot but express the hope that the remarkable vigor, alike of mind and of body, which are still happily enjoyed by their honored friend, and by which he held in unwearied interest so large an assembly, may be long continued to him, and that he may continue to fulfil the benediction of those of whom we read, who, "planted in the house of the Lord, shall still bring forth fruit in old age."

† Rev. John Foster, D. D.

[From the Christian Inquirer.]

UNITARIANS AND CHRISTIANS.

MEADVILLE SCHOOL.—ELDER BARR'S LETTER.

Our readers will find, upon the outside of our paper, a letter from Elder Barr, addressed to the *Inquirer*, which no one will doubt to have been written by a man thoroughly in earnest. Whether any thing has ever been said in these columns, in regard to the Christians, or in regard to the article on "Ministerial Education," which should excite the feelings manifest in the earlier portions of Elder Barr's letter, we must leave our readers to judge. We have a few observations to make in regard to our previous communications, and in reply to some direct questions proposed in the letter from our Christian brother, which we hope will allay any suspicions or indignation we may have unhappily excited, and clear up any obscurity in regard to our opinions, aims and objects, in what we have said about the Meadville School.

1. Altogether too much importance is attached to what H. W. B, under his own signature, says in regard to the Meadville School. He visited the school at his own suggestion and expense, and with no impulse but the interest it had awakened in his own mind; and having formed certain opinions, he expressed them as his own—certainly not as the voice of Unitarians—not as the voice of Unitarian benefactors, and not as any authoritative foreshadowing of the future policy of the school. These opinions may all be as erroneous and mistaken as Elder Barr thinks them to be, and the school be none the worse. Thus we may be *in great* error in regard to the general condition of the West. We are glad of any reasons for thinking ourselves misinformed upon this point, and certainly the testimony of men who, like himself, have lived so much in that region, is worth an infinite deal more than ours, if we are sure that we understand it, and that it is expressed deliberately. We desire to have it explicitly understood that we are authorized to speak for no one but ourselves, in any thing we have said in relation to the policy of the Meadville School.

2. In speaking of Unitarians and Christians, and their union in the School, we have used these terms as the recognized names of two bodies of Christian believers, having different organizations, but whose opinions we had honestly supposed were essentially the same, and whose interests we deemed to be common. We have used the names, so far as doctrine was concerned, as identical, but in respect to ecclesiastical position, as distinct. We have, had no wish nor design to use the Christians for the spread of Unitarianism, any further than their own system is Unitarianism, and have only desired to see them perfected by the aids of learning and theological culture, for the work in which they are engaged. We hope we have not injured them or their feelings, (we certainly had no intention of doing so,) by saying what we believed, viz.: that they thought as we thought in regard to all

points radically important. We have drawn this inference from their writings and circulated them. So far from wishing that they would adopt our name, we should not be very unwilling to drop it ourselves, having strong suspicions that it hurts the real cause of truth. If our Christian brethren will please to consider that all our observations have been based upon the supposition that we agreed in doctrine, and have considered their triumphs our triumphs, their labors as advancing our cause, we think they will abandon the idea that we have had any sectarian purpose in view, and that all the underscored phraseology quoted from us which Brother Barr supposes to cover up, or else to avow a design of making *Unitarian* missionaries out of the Christian students—using the word Unitarian as an ecclesiastical or sectarian cognomen—admits of an entirely different and a blameless interpretation.

3. We heartily approve, and would with all our might encourage—if, indeed, this sympathy be not unwelcome—the aim of our Christian brethren, to build up places of education as the triumph of *their* opinions and of ours. Our sole desire is that they should become an educated body, while they retain effective qualities, which are unhappily wanting among those who have hitherto attempted the diffusion of Liberal Christianity. It does pain us to admit the idea that the Meadville School is not, in the judgment of some most important men among them, as well fitted to become the theological school of the Christians, as any they can find; and this pain grows out of the fact that they can supply subjects to receive the benefit of an expensive apparatus there, which, in our poor private judgment, would, for a long time, want material for its beneficent operations without their support.—It is natural to desire the success of an institution that engages our affections. Its success is its usefulness. We do desire to see the Meadville School full of Christian students, both because it is a western school, and was established to meet the wants of the West, which we have supposed the Christians specially fitted to do, and because we have not been able to convince ourselves that it was likely to obtain a large supply of students from other quarters, not from any want of confidence in its character, but because the rate of supply from our own body is very small. When Cambridge has an average of not more than ten graduates, for ten years running, what is likely to be the supply of expressly Unitarian students at Meadville? Now, as we are just as well satisfied with an educated Christian student as an educated Unitarian student, why should we not eagerly desire to see Meadville full of Christian students; apart, too, from all aims, except the promulgation of Liberal Christianity?

4. As to the standard of scholarship at Meadville, we care not how high it is; and we know the competency of the Professors to carry it to any height which the receptivity of the pupils admit. But our earnest desire has been, that Meadville should, with the condescension of heaven, stoop low enough to admit all to such partial advantages of theological education, as a previous imperfect culture, or other causes, might confine them to. We have wished that its ambition should be that of diffusing the elements and substantial or indispensable branches of theological education, rather than finishing off a few consummate scholars. We have desired that none should be repelled by the idea that the requirements and expectations and aims there, were beyond the attainment of ordinary diligence in a reasonable period of time. They wholly mistake our meaning, who infer that we would have Meadville a second rate, or an inferior school. We wish it to be first rate in being judiciously adapted to its end, the highest usefulness which its position and relations admit.

5. We have probably much underrated the importance which the Christians attach to their name; or rather the strength of their opposition to denominational names, like our own. If they could understand how little importance we attach to our own name, and how entirely we use it as a convenient designation, they would not continually suppose that by Unitarianism, we mean our denominational opinions and tactics.

We trust these observations will at least serve to show that the *Inquirer*'s opinions or expressions, in regard to Meadville, are "individual;" and that they aim at no sectarian influence. In all respects they may be unwise and mistaken, but they claim no authority, and aim at no denominational conquest.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT., 22, 1848.

SCHLEIERMACHER.

In the No. of the Christian Examiner for the present month, p. 203, there is the following sentence in the "Letter of Mr. Norton to Mr. Ticknor."

"The Christian Unitarians among us have found themselves brought into strange connection with such men as Fox and Martineau in England, with the pantheists Spinoza and Schleiermacher, and with the most noted of modern infidels, Strauss,—all of whom I have seen praised, and recommended as religious instructers, in what were professedly Unitarian publications."

We know not that the distinguished and respected writer of the Letter to Mr. Ticknor, had in view the *Christian Register* as one of the "professedly Unitarian publications," to which he has thus alluded. We must however confess to the fact of having "praised" such men as MARTINEAU and SCHLEIERMACHER. Of Mr. FOX we may have spoken approvingly as a Reformer. The rest we do not remember to have mentioned. None of them however have we ever "recommended as religious instructers."

We know not how many liberal Christians may disclaim all sympathy with Mr. James Martineau. Decidedly rejecting, as we do, some of his opinions, we have still supposed that as one of those engaged in the "Liverpool controversy," he had done good service to liberal Christianity, and that his two volumes of sermons published in this country, contain food for the nourishment of spiritual thought and feeling, and sufficiently manifest a Christian mind and heart. If to praise him, and to be drawn into some sympathy through the contemplation of great truths which he presents, and through interest in some great objects which ought to be common to Christians of every name—objects for which they might cheerfully consent to be brought into a connexion which for ourselves we cannot account "strange",—if this be deemed worthy of censure, we must consent to bear it. But there is another also who must bear it with us, and with whom in sharing sympathy we must even forgot the censure—we mean Dr. Channing, in whose Memoirs there is some of the heartiest regard bestowed by him on Mr. Martineau.

Of SCHLEIERMACHER, we know nothing but what we have read in translations from his works—and these translations are somewhat full and extended. It may be presumptuous in us to question the propriety of Professor Norton's judgment of him as a *pantheist*. But we have seen no paragraph, nor sentence, which could justify such an appellation. Interpreting him dialectically, or by the rules of hermeneutics, we might possibly make him out one. But so could we make St. PAUL the greatest pantheist that ever lived—who says, "In God we live and move and have our being"—and again, "that God may be all in all."

Professor Norton's name, we admit, is an authority deservedly to be respected, and perhaps we should surrender to him our own judgment, which has had so much less opportunity and means of information than his. But we are somewhat perplexed with a conflict of authorities on the question. We proceed then to give the opinion of such men as Rev. Dr. Robinson of New York, Professors Stuart of Andover, and Smith of Newton.

The first paragraph in the following extract is from Dr. Robinson, in the Boston Recorder of Dec. 5, 1834.

"The death of this distinguished man in February last, after an inflammatory illness of a few days, is very generally known in this country; and the public have also in general terms been informed of the triumph of his Christian faith, and of his administration of the Lord's supper upon his dying bed. By the kindness of a friend recently from Germany, we are enabled to lay before our readers the following deeply interesting details of the closing scene, in an extract from a letter of his wife to a female friend. * * * We read it first with deep emotion; for the whole transaction, and the narration, are worthy of the man, for they are the perfect image of his own simplicity. We give the account to the Christian public as doing honor both to the illustrious dead and to the living writer; and also as the dying testimony of another great and good man to the simplicity and power of the truth as it is in Jesus.

* * On the last morning, Wednesday, Feb. 12th, his sufferings evidently became greater. He complained of a burning inward heat, and the first and last tone of impatience broke from his lips: 'Ah, Lord, I suffer much!'—The features of death came fully on, the eye was glazed, the death-struggle was over! At this moment, he laid the two fore-fingers upon his left eye, as he often did when in deep thought, and began to speak: 'We have the atoning death of Jesus Christ, his body and his blood.' During this he had raised himself up, his features began to be re-animated, his voice became clear and strong; he inquired with priestly solemnity; 'Are ye one with *me* in this faith?' to which we, Lommatzch* and F.† who were present, and myself, answered with a loud *yea*. 'Then let us receive the Lord's supper! but the sexton is not to be thought of; quick, quick! let no one stumble at the form; I have never held to the dead letter!'

"As soon as the necessary things were brought in by my son-in-law, during which time we had waited with him in solemn stillness, he began—with features more and more animated, and with an eye to which a strange and indescribable lustre, yea, a higher glow of love with which he looked upon us, had returned,—to pronounce some words of prayer introductory to the solemn rite. Then he gave the bread first to me, then to F., then to [Lommatzsch, and lastly to himself, pronouncing aloud to each, the words of institution,*—so loud indeed, that the children and Muhlenfels,† who kneeled listening at the door of the next room, heard them plainly. So also with the wine, to us three first, and then to himself, with the full words of institution to each. Then, with his eyes directed to Lommatzsch, he said: 'Upon these words of Scripture I stand fast, as I have always taught; they are the foundation of my faith.' After he had pronounced the blessing, he turned his eye once more full of love on me, and then on each of the others, with the words: 'In this love and communion, we are and remain ONE.'"

*Schleiermacher's son-in-law. Professor in Berlin.
† A female friend.
* Our Saviour's words, Matt. 26: 26, etc. 1 Cor. 11: 23—29.
† Late Professor in the London University.

Professor STUART, in the Biblical Repository for April, 1835, concludes an article on Schleiermacher on the Trinity as follows:

"Can it be, that a man who lived thus and died thus, was not a disciple of Jesus? The answer to this question we must leave to the great day that will reveal the secrets of all hearts. Whatever Dr. S's speculative errors were, (and I cannot help believing that he did cherish some that in themselves would be dangerous to most minds,) yet can we feel that a man who died thus was no believer in the Saviour of sinners? I feel constrained to say, that I mourn his loss to the world as an efficient and powerful writer; but I cannot mourn as one without hope for him. May his errors, whatever they were, be fully developed and shunned; and may all the truths which he has helped to illustrate and confirm, be universally admitted and felt!"

Of Professor SMITH'S estimate of Schleiermacher we have only the knowledge communicated by a correspondent of the Puritan Recorder, who alludes to his "vindication of Schleiermacher" in a recent address before the Porter Rhetorical Society of the Theological Seminary in Andover, and who adds that the orator "warmly eulogized the German teacher for urging his Rationalist countrymen to make *the person of Christ* the centre of their theology."

That not only the gentlemen we have mentioned, but that many others of most unimpeachable orthodoxy, regard Schleiermacher as a Christian, we suppose to be an unquestioned fact. If then we regard authorities, there are those which we cannot disregard before so high authority as that of Professor Norton. Dr. Robinson's opportunities for knowing and judging we must even place before Professor Norton's on the subject. But setting aside all authorities, and taking a doctrine with which Schleiermacher's name is identified more than any other—his view of the Godhead—that God is a trinity not in person, but only in manifestation, in the forms of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, a doctrine which indeed we do not accept, but which is certainly not Trinitarian, how this can be consistent with Pantheism we utterly fail to see. It is the doctrine adopted by Dr. Bushnell, (who also has been called a "pantheist" by some of his brethren—but how unjustly those feel who know him,) and it is identical with that of Swedenborg. Schleiermacher is a mystic; so is Bushnell; so was Swedenborg; so are the Moravians; so were Paul and Jonathan Edwards, with all their acute dialectics; but *pantheists* they were none. We hope we may still be permitted to praise them, and to receive something of the profound religious sentiment they breathe, and yet call no man master save Christ.

LETTER TO REV. T. CLAPP.

My Dear Sir:—In the midst of my preparations to remove with all possible expedition to another field of labor, I cannot answer your late letters in the Register in support of Universalism to the extent and with the thoroughness I desire—and I should defer it to a future day, were there any prospect I should even then have a convenient opportunity.

Your argument in Letters No. III. and No. V. is based on the EDWARDEAN theory of the will, (which is the same as Priestley's,) and not on the moral freedom of the human will as maintained by CHANNING, and as I myself adopted before I ever saw any of the writings of Channing. In the conclusion to which you come, that God will save all men, you certainly, with the Edwardean theory, have more of the attributes of God on your side, and you honor more the divine character, than did Edwards, who believed that God by his power *could* save all men, but in his sovereignty chose to save only a part. But with the theory which I hold of the freedom of the will, I am constrained to maintain that it *may* not be consistent with such a moral government as that under which man is created, for God to save all men, because all men may not choose holiness, even under the motives of the Gospel. All do not choose holiness here, and they go out of the world with an accumulated power of resisting motives presented to attain that holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.

But I turn to your *biblical* argument; and you will remember that it was this on which I proposed to discuss the question. Your first passage is that God "will have all men to be saved." You are aware that this same word "will" is used by Paul in the passage, "I will that men pray everywhere." It merely signifies desire; it is a form of speech used of God not to signify *purpose*, but merely *more humano*, like the word *to repent*. No argument can be built on such a declaration favorable to your views.

In regard to Romans ii, 7, undoubtedly the word translated "immortality" may be used as an adjective, and the phrase be translated,—immortal (incorruptible) glory and honor—that is, as contrasted with perishable earthly glory. Instead of comparing the word translated "immortality" with Ephesians vi, 24, you should have compared it with 1 Cor. xv, 42. "It [the body] is sown in corruption, it is raised [at the resurrection of the dead] in INCORRUPTION. Also with 2 Tim i, 10, "Our Savior Jesus Christ who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and IMMORTALITY to light through the gospel." The Pauline usage manifestly sustains the interpretation I gave—and I doubt not on further consideration you will admit it.

In regard to "eternal life"—it BEGINS here, but has its consummation in the life to come. Surely, my dear sir, you will not limit it to this earthly state. Such, surely, was not Paul's use of the word—such was not its narrow significance in the mind of Jesus.

In respect to the relation of eternal happiness to "*well-doing*," I do not know that any of our ministers teach that the goodworks of Christians, performed in this world, MERIT an endless reward of happiness beyond the grave. But they do teach such a reward as the *gift* of the love of God, and, regarding good works as the manifestation of a *character* of goodness, they are inseparably connected with endless happiness. I trust you perceive the distinction. I think, however, you still labor under some disadvantage from your old Calvinistic notions of grace.

I am very truly and fraternally yours,

THE EDITOR.

REV. DR. MILLER'S YES AND NO.

The theological opponents of Unitarians have often surrendered what they once urged as very strong arguments on the side of orthodoxy. Statements made affirmatively against them have been denied when issue was joined against some other body of Christians. The *effect* of those affirmative statements remains in the conviction of many Orthodox persons, who first read them, that Unitarianism has but little support, while the particular statements have been forgotten, or their subsequent relinquishment has not been known, or if known, its bearing not considered. This is particularly true with Professor Stuart's Letters to Dr. Channing. To him we can now add the Rev. Dr. Miller of Princeton. Some of our readers may have perused his "Letters addressed to the First Presbyterian Church in Baltimore," on occasion of the promulgation of Unitarianism in connection with Mr. Sparks' settlement in that city. We read it in the days of our doubts, to enable us to hold on to Trinitarianism—but unsuccessfully. Had we in those days met the antagonistic statements presented below, (which we take from the Christian Witness,) we will not say the impression of the work could have been much less, but we should have been less troubled with the thought of rejecting statements made on the authority and apparently ineffaceable convictions of good and great men, whom it had not been difficult for us to learn to reverence. The following are the affirmations on the one hand, and their direct denial on the other, in the instance of Dr. Miller already referred to.

Dr. Miller against Episcopacy.	*Dr. Miller against "Unitarianism."*
"That even the *shorter* Epistles of Ignatius are unworthy of confidence as the genuine works of the Father, whose name they bear, *is the opinion of many of the ablest and best judges in the Protestant world.*"	"The great body of learned men consider the *smaller* Epistles of Ignatius as, in the main, *the real works of the writer whose name they bear.*"
Dr. Miller on "Ruling Elders."	*Dr. Miller on "Unitarianism" again.*
"*Intelligent* readers are no doubt aware that the genuineness of the Epistles of Ignatius has been called in question by a great majority of Protestant divines and *is not only really but deeply questioned.*"	"*I do not admit* that the most learned and able of the critics reject as spurious the seven shorter Epistles of this Father!"

THE DOCTRINE OF ELECTION.

Does not the Bible teach the doctrine of Election? and is it not a doctrine adapted to produce presumption in the elect, and despair in the non-elect?

The Bible does teach a doctrine of election; and reason, nature, the eyesight teach the same doctrine. Every where and in every thing we see a few chosen to privilege above the rest. But there should be no presumption—there need be no despair. It imposes obligation in proportion as it confers advantage. The Apostle writing to the Colossians says, "*as* the elect of God, holy and beloved put on merciful affection towards others, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long suffering." The election of the few is for the benefit of the many. This is true of nations and of individuals.

The Israelites were an elect nation, the peculiar people of God. They were chosen to hold up the light of truth in the midst of a dark world—an elect torch-bearer—a predestined and separated schoolmaster, teaching the unity and providence and holiness and retributions of God to idolatry and supersition and a full school of errors and vices. But the torchbearer may stumble while his light is shining brightest on the footsteps of the surrounding procession; and he who preaches to others may be himself a castaway.

But advantageous as was that early dispensation of Moses, it was, after all, only a voice crying in the wilderness, "prepare ye the way of the Lord." It was but to introduce the more perfect light of Christianity. Therefore the terms familiar in the first, were accommodated to the second dispensation. As the Jews were called an elect and peculiar people of God, so Christians were called so, and all Christians just as all Jews had been, all who were outwardly and formally admitted to the privileges of the Gospel. They might never be the better for the external privilege. They might have been individually hypocrites; but as a body, the body was entitled elect, chosen, sanctified, holy, justified, saved. They were spoken of as a nation, a people appointed to signal advantages, which they might use or neglect; just as we still see an election of particular nations in the providence of God to peculiar privileges. We are fond of terming ourselves an elect nation, elect for momentous purposes, a peculiar people in privileges, a peculiar people of God; for He it was who gave us all. We are His elect. He formed this land for us; He bore our Fathers across the sea; He hath made us to differ in every blessing which distinguishes us. There is no room for presumption. Boasting is excluded. Our election, instead of fostering pride, only warns us of obligations imposed by it which we seldom fully discharge—of instruments and powers for doing good which we too often neglect, destroy or abuse

But is there no other election than that of nations to outward privileges? Yes, there is an election of individuals to the improvement of these offered privileges. Of the many called or invited to the blessings of the Gospel, a few are chosen to embrace them in their richest happiness. A whole community must be benefited in various ways by the establishment of Christianity amidst it, but we see few individuals consistent and entire Christians. Why are not the others so? Not because they cannot be. God gives to all the power to obey his laws; but they will not. Why are these few Christians? Shall we say, because they will, they determine to be, is it the resolute struggle of conscience upward? Can we say this of all of them equally? No, for some find it hard to be Christians, and some find it easy. Some are born predisposed, and favoring circumstances confirm the disposition. Their selfish passions are weak, the good affections strong, early education stamps the mould of Heaven on the tender soul, temptations are few, monitors to conscience many; there is an inherent taste for goodness; religion interests naturally; the gentle and amiable virtues are pleasures, not sacrifices. Are there such people? They are plainly elected of God to this character. It is not of their own works in the first instance. They have done nothing for it, in as far as they were born with it. They may strengthen it conscientiously—and so may another, without this favorable predisposition, conscientiously force himself to obey every law of God—but for the first innate predisposition itself, as far as it exists, it is of the election of grace. God has in sovereign mercy decreed such a gift to the individual before he was. We need no theology to argue this to us. We have only to open our eyes and see how brother will differ from brother, and sister from sister, in the same cradle.

The fact being so, what use shall we make of it?

Are we of these favored few? Are we in any comparative degree one of God's elect by nature? Do we find it easier than any less fortunate man, and in any one particular to be good? Then may it be said to us, O blessed mortal, how glorious is your distinction! Feel what is implied in being God's elect—feel the honor, the privilege, the sovereign grace, the unmerited favor, ay, the burden of the obligations laid upon you. Shall you not be thankful as for the first and most precious gift of existence? Will you not be impelled to most eager obedience. Much has been given; much will be required. You must make your light shine around you. For you were elected for the general good. You are to leaven the mass. You are to be a city set upon a hill. You are God's steward and almoner for distributing peace and love and happiness among his creatures. Put on, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, affections of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any. For you yourself have been dealt with graciously and not according to your deserts; since how could you deserve, before you saw the light, the noble nature with which you were sent into life, or the fostering culture it has found awaiting it? So ought you to have mercy on your fellow servants as God has had mercy on you. Otherwise, you mistake, you are not his elect. You prove it thereby. They that abuse the doctrine are not its subjects. Especially should you not judge harshly of those who in comparison with you seem reprobated by their circumstances. Who maketh you to differ? You from your birth have had every thing favorable to virtue: these perhaps drew their first breath in an atmosphere of vice, and their whole career has been like running the gauntlet between crowding rows of temptations and corruptions on the right hand and on the left. Think that you might have been in their place but for a kind Providence; and do not presume on your gratuitously bestowed superiority; but pity and reform them if you can; and when you have done that even, take no great credit to yourself for it, since divine grace has made it easy for you to conceive the wish.

H. G. E.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS NO. IX.

MR. EDITOR:—Having discussed most of the topics to which I wished to call attention in these numbers, and being unable to prosecute the subject further for the present, I shall conclude the series with some remarks of the late Rev. Hiram Withington, as published in his Memoir, commending them to the serious consideration of Sunday School teachers, and of all who are desirous of promoting moral and spiritual progress in our community.

In doing this it may be well to say, that Mr. W. was not only a good friend to Sunday Schools, and usually aided in conducting the exercises of his own, but that his school had connected with it upwards of three hundred persons, of different ages and sexes.

"The actual results of the Sunday School, I am inclined to think," says Mr. Withington, "have been exaggerated; but its real importance and its possible results are still, as I believe, far from recognized, and greatly under-estimated. If it had as yet accomplished nothing, if it were doing no good at present, it would still claim support from every true mind for what it promises, for the prospects it holds out, for the hopes that are garnered in it.

So long as the Sunday School engages the interest, and secures the support, of a community as such, it will have strength and vitality. When it ceases to be popular, and is the movement of the few, and not of the many, then it will dwindle into a weak and sickly inefficiency. Therefore it is that every child who is an absentee from the School is an enemy to its existence. He becomes the centre of an influence hostile to its life and growth. Therefore it is that I have so repeatedly urged upon all to whom it was practicable, the old and the young, a connection in some way with the Sunday School. The question is not, simply, whether it can do you any good, but also whether you can do it any good. It has claims in and of itself. If you regard it as a beneficial and valuable institution, then you ought to consider that, of the public sentiment and sympathy which are its strongest support, you, as an individual, make up a part. You are responsible for the way your influence goes, and for the degree in which it is exerted.

Religious teaching always implies this danger to the taught: if it does not make them better, it will render them more callous to good influences; it will chill and harden the soul, it will take away the force of truth, and the power of moral appeal.

There is nothing, in fine, which is more deadening in its influence than the hearing of the most sacred and inspiring truths without being moved by them. Your great object, remember, is not to instruct, not to impart knowledge, but principle; to strengthen the sense of duty; to make the life righteous and pure; to sanctify the spirit. You cannot give a spiritual life you do not yourselves possess.

O, I would rather send a child out to spend the blessed Sunday in the fields, than have him here to listen to the cold and idle mummery of words to which the teacher's heart lends neither life nor love! There, as he wandered, with God's loving sunlight shining around him, and the spring breeze kissing his cheek with a gentleness like that paternal presence that enfolds him, the glad melody of birds sounding in his ear, and the flowers of an Almighty beneficence upspringing in his path, there his spirit might be softened and his soul made better, his heart attuned to purer influences, and drawn upward with a reverent gratitude, while all around, the unsentient universe hymned the great Creator's praise! At any rate he would be saved from the crushing and paralyzing chill and torpor that must come from a heartless teacher, in whom a child, training for immortality, awakens no thrill of affection, no kindling inspiration, and from whose lips the words that Jesus spoke fall coldly and listlessly as the current rumor or the trivial tale.

But I know, teachers, that you must come anxiously, distrustingly. So you ought. Take it as a hopeful token if you do. And yet you should come in confidence; for, be sure, whatever want of competence you may feel, with whatever consciousness of unworthiness you may assume the office, yet the faithful effort brings God down to help you, and the true spirit gives power and inspiration to the feebleest words, as the fire of Pentecost touched the lips of those illiterate Jewish fishermen with a baptism of eloquence that none could gainsay or resist."

G. F. T.

ERRATA IN NO. VIII. Thirty-eighth line from the bottom for "books," read *hooks*; and in the line following, for "table," read *tablet*.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Aug. 25th, 1849.

At last, after wanderings most diverse and delightful through various parts of Wales, Scotland, and England, I find myself restored to seclusion and quiet in the heart of London. The indistinct rumblings of that great thoroughfare the Strand, a succession of sounds so vague and so continuous that they seem hardly of the earth, serves only to deepen and render more mysterious the silence of the little court shut in from all the world by inexpressive barriers of brick and stone, on which I gaze from my elevated window. Here I am safe from sight-seeing, and from human society, and can fulfil in peace of mind my promise of keeping you informed of such thoughts and things as may possess some interest for transatlantic readers. This task is not an easy one, for an estimate of European facts changes very astonishingly with the change of latitudes. In America, to the untravelled man, the very names of European cities and towns possess a sort of indefinable interest, which lends vitality to the flattest extracts from "Wilmer & Smith's." But here, traversing and dwelling among the fabulous scenes themselves, one grows bewildered, and is entirely at a loss for any standard by which to measure the comparative importance of his experiences and observations. You will, therefore, pardon me, I doubt not, if, when you expected luminous remarks on the state of society and the prospects of man, you receive only the ill-digested gossip of a traveller who has not yet "done wondering." My personal movements have been very eccentric. I have several times ventured to leave the line of regular travel and, deviating from the convenient railway pilgrimages, have enjoyed the exquisite English beauty of some sequestered places unprofaned even by the stakes of the fearless surveyors, who during the period of the railroad insanity, planted their little red flags on the summits of the rugged hills of Cumberland, and penetrated the explosive caves of the mining districts. No one of these excursions has given me more pleasure than a drive through some of the loveliest dales of Derbyshire—among scenes consecrated by the romantic genius of Scott, and still haunted by the childlike spirit of that true lover of nature, old Izaak Walton. The country of the Peak, and the secluded dale of the Dove; these have given pictures to my memory which will be "a joy forever." The very smallness of the rivers, and the comparatively diminutive scale of the hills and vales, lend to these scenes a most peculiar and endearing charm. They are disposed like cabinet paintings, in the secret chambers of the mind, to be the delightful companions of quiet hours, solaces in times of sickness or discomfort, furnishing a pleasure which does not excite, but calms and tranquilizes the spirit. This charm I find, indeed, pervading almost all the English scenery which I have visited. The lakes and mountains of Wales, and the more enchanting lakes and hills of Westmoreland and Cumberland—Windermere, Rydal, Grasmere, Derwent, Braithwaite, all display this character. Many Americans, possessed by an evil spirit of national vainglory, scorn the idea of rivers smaller than the Hudson, laugh at lakes which are not seas, and are deafened by the thunders of Niagara to the pleasant murmurs of Rydal and the swallows. These unfortunate person are greatly to be pitied; for besides suffering the discontent which makes them such "discomfortable cousins" to our English kinsmen, and prevents them from manifesting that quick and sensitive appreciation of excellence which so enhances the social pleasures of travelling—they lose the enjoyment of a kind of beauty not to be met with out of England, and precious in the extreme.

The compactness, neatness, and wholeness which seems to distinguish the work of man in England, is a most striking characteristic also of the work of nature. There are few ragged places, few landscapes unfinished—you carry away from every fresh journey, a new collection of elaborated and completed views, worthy to remain always undisturbed in your treasury. And when I recall in addition to the natural beauty which I have so much enjoyed—the visions of stately cathedrals, and noble castles, and venerable towers—all the speaking memorials of those dark, stern days of force, and fear, and suffering, through which our race has fought its upward way to Freedom and to lasting power, I cannot understand the impulse which hurries so many travellers away from the motherland to the continent of Europe. For myself, I shall visit no country Germany excepted, with such feelings of interest and indeed of hope, as England. The romance of the past—the reality of the present—the promise of the future, can all be studied here. The castles of the continent still bristle with the armaments of arbitary power, of power tottering indeed to its fall, but destined to perish amid violence and bloodshed and anarchy. The cathedrals of the continent still witness the mummery of genuflexions prostrations, and incense altars, and golden lamps—the paraphernalia of spiritual despotism, and the homage of popular superstition. But the castles of England, whether dismantled or inhabited, bear witness that the might of feudalism has been broken forever, and left to their slow decay. Their beauty almost undefaced by the hand of war—they speak of popular triumphs won not so much by strife and tumult, as by the steady movement of the enfranchised intellect and soul of man. And the cathedrals of England, stripped of their gaudy trappings and venerable in their simple majesty, awaken the aspirations of devotion and reverence alone. For there is nothing very terrible in the old women in white, who mumble over the ritual every morning and afternoon to their congregation of old women in black! Everything, in fact, which I have yet seen in England, marks it out to me as the land of peaceful progress. There are abuses enough in her social system—and the miserable effects of crowded competition on the spirit and temper of her people, are visible everywhere. But the tone of the liberal press, every year more powerful, and the aspect of the great cities, manufacturing as well as commercial, testify that the unpausing march of the nation towards larger liberty, and wider happiness, still goes steadily on. Sanitary reform, financial reform, electoral reform, labor reform, all reform is moving forward slowly but surely, and I think it may be safely affirmed, that the land of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Cromwell, and Wordsworth—the land of the world's noblest poets, and statesmen, and patriots,—is not yet in her dotage, but rather in the dawn of a new and glorious youth.

The Scottish nobleman can still, it is true, drive his tenants from their native soil to exile and beggary, an English bishop can still domineer over his vicars and curates—an aristocratic government can still maintain its poor relations at the expense of the state, and give a wealthy province to the tyranny of a titled Bumble; but these things are tolerated, only because the law still shields them, and the reform which will sweep them away will do its work thoroughly—for it will not merely overthrow the abuse, but reconstruct the law, and put the inviolable sanctity of social prerogative about the rights of man. The work of Chartism will be done, but not by Chartism or the Chartists. In America, where every man has elbow room enough and to spare, for self-developement, material, intellectual and spiritual, we demand rapid progress, and reforms are accelerated by the activity on general subjects of the general mind. But England is necessarily a land of specialities, and men compelled to mind their own business, are brought slowly and with difficulty, to consider and decide upon the business of the public. And the condition and prospects of England must be judged rather by the results visible in the general condition of things, and by the tone of conduct and thought among the leaders and servants of public opinion, than by the state of certain districts or the character of individual Englishmen casually met. The truth that everything has two sides, (the moon herself not excepted,) must be borne constantly in mind by the traveller in England. And he will often trace to one source, some of the most painful and some of the most promising facts that meet his eye. For example—there can be no doubt that the respect for established rights which is so great a safeguard of liberty in England, is also a source of great bigotry and even in humanity. So too the principle of equality among equals is guarded with jealous care, and to this must be traced a fact which might seem to indicate a spirit of mean regard for caste, namely, that the English directors of the Berwick railroad insisted on the removal of the cushions placed in the second class cars on the Scotch branch of the road. In Scotland the second class carriages universally are cushioned, whereas in England they are merely decorated boxes, and the English directors could not tolerate a departure from the established practice. The English public, quick to rise in indignation against any invasion of their rights, are slow to demand any new concession of privileges, and as a body, they will ride contentedly in uncushioned carriages, so long as such are the rule, though as individuals, the men grumble about their personal inconvenience. So too, they had little sympathy with the French Revolution of '48, believing it to proceed mainly from the uneasy disposition of their neighbors, while the whole country has been agitated for the last fortnight with meetings in favor of the Hungarians battling for their constitutional rights. And there seems to be some hope that something energetic and practical will be done for Ireland now that she appears to be settling upon demands of orderly relief and constitutional help. While the policy of the Irish leaders was hostile to the empire, while they avowed their determination to break through the established relations of their country with Great Britain, they could only count on the opposition, not merely of Tory leaders but of the British people.

But the leading journals of the Young Ireland party now avow their conviction of the injudiciousness of their past course, and their resolution to avail themselves of all the constitutional means within their reach, for the amelioration of the condition of their unhappy country. Adopting this course, at the present moment, when the Queen's visit has given the initiative of a more confiding policy on the part of England, they may reasonably hope to accomplish some lasting and beneficial reforms. The attitude of resistance changed, on the part of Ireland, for that of legal and manly appeal to English justice and the spirit of peaceful progress. We cannot but believe that England will lay aside her arms, and apply herself to the assistance of her distressed sister. In fact it is generally understood that the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland is at an end, and that the vice-regal court, which gave to Ireland the air of a colony, will be laid aside. Once recognizing herself and recognized as an integral part of the British empire, Ireland can begin a new career. The conduct of the government in conferring the appointments of the provincial Irish colleges on men of merit, without regard to their political or sectarian character, is also a most favorable sign of the future course of the imperial administration. One of these appointments has been conferred on Mr. George L. Craik, a man of ability and of most liberal views, whose name is known to your readers probably in connection with the excellent "Pictorial History of England." And as a confirmation of my statement about the two-sided character of England, let me mention here that while the government was doing itself honor by the liberality of its Irish appointments, it removed from a mastership, to which he had been appointed, over one of the new Australian schools, the Rev. Mr. Froude of Oxford. This was in consequence of the Episcopal indignation excited by the "Nemesis of Faith." Episcopal indignation, however, cannot very long continue to influence the conduct of an English government. Nothing is clearer than that the public sentiment of England against the establishment is growing and deepening every day. The conduct of such men as the Bishop of Exeter, and the corruption constantly brought to light in the distribution of ecclesiastical dignities and offices, are conspiring with the expansive spirit manifested within the Church, to shake its defences and foundations. Thus far of speculations. Of news I have very little. Carlyle is travelling in Ireland with Mr. Gaine Duffy. What result will come of this singular companionship it is hard to conceive, but it is generally understood that a book of some sort is to appear, either a wail such as Carlyle only can utter, or a probing of the wounds such as he will not shrink from. London, I am informed, is empty; and though hundreds of thousands throng the streets, one perceives by the dearth of intelligence in the papers, and the absence of carriages in the Park, that the mighty legislature of the empire is no longer in session but scattered; a gun in every hand over the purple heaths of the English and Scottish moors. On Tuesday the Peace Delegation leave for Paris, where every preparation has been made to receive them in the most honourable, and (as the Englishmen must be received,) the most COMFORTABLE manner.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF REV. MR COLMAN.

I think the following extract of a letter from a friend now in Europe will interest some of your readers. You are at liberty to *publish it*.

Worcester, Sept., 1849.

Sunday Evening. Yesterday morning my friend W—— called to say that Mr. Colman was dangerously sick, and we arranged to go to see him when the business of the morning should be finished. When I went to join him, he told me Colman was dead. He died of a typhus fever, in a land of strangers, surrounded by none but his English friends. I went to-day to see what could be done. Every thing had been attended to. I left my address, with directions to call on me if any thing was wanted, and promised to attend the funeral. He suffered not a great deal. Until within a day or two of his death, his illness was not considered dangerous. The night before he died, he wished a letter to be written to his wife, saying that he was unwell, but hoped to be with her soon. The next day (Friday) he died. Every attention was given him, during his sickness, that he or his friends could wish. I was sorry not to have known of his illness, that he might have had at least one person about him who knew his friends at home, who could have received his last wishes for them, and could have given them an assurance from personal knowledge that he was well cared for by those about him. The funeral takes place on Wednesday. I shall glean all the particulars I can find and write Mrs. B. by this steamer. She is, I think, a personal friend both of himself and his family in New England.

Thursday Evening. Yesterday Mr. Colman was buried. I went over to his *funeral, which started from his lodgings in Islington*, some four miles and over from my room. Outside the door were two men with long black rods, the ends covered with a kind of *bushing up* of black silk, wearing also black silk bands across the shoulders, and the like across the hats, with the most sombre faces you can conceive of. These men ushered us into the house. We were shown into a room where was a table spread with cake and wine, which were passed round when the company was gathered. Our hats were then bound round with bands of crape gathered in a loose knot, and suffered to hang over the shoulder. A loose black cloak, reaching below the knees, was tied about the throat of each mourner. It was intended that plumes should precede the hearse, but against this all protested as a useless piece of flummery. The hearse itself was covered with black velvet and plumes, and was drawn by four horses, each carrying a plume over each ear. The carriages were covered and trimmed with crape. In this way was Mr. Colman carried to the grave. After riding slowly for an hour we reached the Highgate Cemetery, when the body was placed in the chapel, and the church of England service read by the minister. The body was carried to the grave, the service completed, and the *earth* thrown upon the coffin.

Mr. Colman left many friends behind him who stepped forward and did all that was necessary, as if he had been their own relation. LADY BYRON gave the grave, and is to erect a monument to his memory.

WILLIAM ABBOTT, LATE MAYOR OF BANGOR

Mr. William Abbott was a native of New Hampshire, born 1773, in the town of Wilton, a village noted alike for the beauty of its landscapes, and the virtues of its children, and which with a population but little exceeding one thousand, has given to the learned professions and the world an extraordinary number of able and educated men. Mr. Abbott was graduated at Harvard College in the year 1797, the member of a class distinguished by more than one name of mark, in the annals of that institution. With the commencement of this century, having completed his professional studies, he established himself in the town of Castine, where, for thirty years, he labored in the practice of the Law, and won for himself by his unobtrusive excellence, the unqualified respect and good will of that community. In 1831 he removed to Bangor, where he resided during the remainder of his life,—through all that time a faithful servant of the public, and during the last two years, honored by his fellow citizens with the highest office in their gift. As a public functionary Mr. Abbott was distinguished by entire devotion to the trust assigned him, by a wise regard to the public good, and a conscientious discharge of the duties he assumed.

It is not, however, as a public officer—whatever the ability, his knowledge or his zeal—that we love best to remember him, but as as a private citizen, as a man. His character was remarkable for its harmony; a character in which no passion or sentiment was unduly prominent, but all combined in just proportion, each in its order, each within bounds, each subservient to all the rest, and all subjected to the moral sense which reigned supreme in his heart and life. Characters so constituted are not apt to become famous, unless placed by accident in a commanding position; but place them where you will, they act with beneficent effect on the

sphere in which they move, they are the strength and marrow of the State. It is the prominence of some one quality that makes the great man, it is the balance of all the qualities proper to humanity that marks the useful man.

Mr. Abbott was not ambitious, he sought no distinction, he sought no office. In these days of selfish competition when the spoils of party, and the lust of place are tempting so many aside from the paths of useful industry, and making politics a scramble for prizes and a name for intrigue; he was content to labor from year to year with no other emolument than the slow returns and ordinary gains of his profession; and while, in politics, he took a decided stand, he did it from conviction and not from calculation, and asked nothing of Government but to leave him undisturbed in the peaceful pursuit of his calling. He coveted no man's goods, he asked no man's vote, he sacrificed nothing to popularity, nothing to the fear or favor of men. Whatever of popularity he enjoyed, was unbought and unsought. Too proud to beg, too honest to intrigue, too meek to claim, he lived by labor; and when, by no fault of his own, the earnings of many years had slipped from his possession, continued to labor at three-score years and ten, as he had labored at two score, and "honest poverty" preferred "to gainful perjury." A conscientious man, quick to perceive and strict to interpret the claims of duty, a man whose chief aim and constant study it was to do right, and to render unto all their dues. If I should say that he was an honest man, I should do imperfect justice to my conception of his character in this regard. Let me rather say, a man in whom honesty was incarnate, whom no conceivable bribe could have tempted to swerve from the strict integrity of his life, with whose character aught of meanness or obliquity refused even in imagination to combine. Honor and probity composed the aroma of his name.

Mr. Abbott was a religious man, a christian by confession and by practice, uniting the faithful performance of christian ordinances, and exhibiting the best fruits of the christian spirit in his character and life. While, for his own part, he embraced with his whole soul that form of doctrine which is commonly called Unitarian, he was tolerant of all opinions honestly formed and sincerely held, and sought the proofs of the christian character not in the creed but in the life. It is no small praise to say of any man, what in strictest truth may be said of him, that he was blameless, and led, from the first commencement of his active existence until its close, a blameless life. To be possessed of some one distinguished virtue is less infrequent than to be without reproach. He was one to whom no scandal or breath of suspicion could ever attach, whose pure fame no obloquy ever dared to assail, whom to know was to respect, whom to name was to praise.

[From the London Inquirer.]

THE PEACE CONGRESS AT PARIS.

OPENING OF THE SESSION.

On Wednesday the Congress opened at Paris, in the Salle St. Cecile, Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin, a large and handsome hall, ordinarily appropriated to the principal concerts, and which, almost immediately after the opening of the doors, was filled in every part by delegates and visitors from all parts of the world. Considerably upwards of a thousand persons were present, the ladies being accommodated with seats in the side-galleries and on the raised benches of the orchestra. Flags representing the various countries of Europe were grouped around the platform on which the leading members of the association were assembled. The platform was occupied by the gentlemen who form the united committee, and each appeared as he was received with applause. Mr. Cobden presented himself at an early hour, accompanied by the gentlemen who have come with him from England, and the moment it was known that he was present the hon. gentleman was received with the most enthusiastic acclamations, men and women rising from their seats, and saluting the great apostle of Free-trade. The American gentlemen met also with an enthusiastic reception.

Mr. H. Richards, one of the English secretaries, read the list of the principal English members.

M. J. Garnier read the list of the French members: M. l'Archeveque de Paris—(loud applause); Francisque Bouvet, representant; M. Coquerel, pastor of the Protestant Church; M. de la Rochefoucault-Laincourt, president of the Societe de la Morale Chretienne; M. Carnot, vice-president of the same society; M. Michel Chevalier, professor of Political Economy at the College of France; M. Cormenin, conseiller d'etat; M. Duguerry, cure of La Madeleine; M. Joseph Garnier, principal editor of the *Journal de Economistes*; Victor Hugo, representant du peuple; Horace Say, member of the Chamber of Commerce of Paris; and about one hundred other gentlemen.

Mr. Elihu Burrit read the names of the American delegates: Hon. C. Darkie, member of the United States Congress, Wisconsin; Rev. A. Mahan, president of the Oberlin Institute, Ohio; Rev. Dr. Allen, Massachusetts; Professor A. Walker, vice-president of the American Peace Society; Rev. J. F. Clarke; Mr. H. Clapp, jun., editor of the *Lynn Pioneer*; Mr. Albert Brown; Rev. J. W. Pennington, New York; Rev. A. Crummell; Mr. W. Brown, Kentucky; Mr. Hurlbut, South Carolina; Rev. Philip Berry, Maryland; Rev. W. Frothingham, Massachusetts; Elihu Burritt, Hamilton Hill, &c.

M. Garnier read the list of the committee: President, M. V. Hugo, representant du peuple. Vice-presidents: for France. M. l'Abbe Duguerry and M. Coquerel; for England, Messrs Cobden and C. Hindley; for America, Messrs. Burritt and Walker; for Belgium, M. Visschers, &c.

The secretary then announced the nomination of M. Victor Hugo as president.

The Archbishop of Paris had been solicited to preside, but excused himself by the following letter, which in the course of the day was read to the meeting:—

LETTER FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

"*To the Members of the Congress of Universal Peace.*

"Gentlemen,—I have been profoundly touched by the visit which Messrs. Rochefoucault de Laincourt, Victor Hugo, Coquerel, and Elihu Burritt, were pleased to pay me, and by the letter which you have just written to me, to offer me the Presidency of the Congress of the Friends of Universal Peace.

"This, gentlemen, is an honour the full value of which I feel, and for which I should never be able adequately to express my gratitude.

"I think with you, gentlemen, that war is a remnant of ancient barbarism, that it is accordant with the spirit of Christianity to desire the disappearance of this formidable scourge from the face of the earth, and to make strenuous efforts to attain this generous and noble end. Perhaps, alas! the time has not come when it will be completely possible for the nations to enter upon this path. Perhaps war will continue for many years longer to be a cruel necessity. But it is proper, it is praiseworthy, it is excellent, to labour to make the people understand that they, as well as individuals, ought to terminate their difference by pacific means, and that humanity will have made immense progress on the day when an end shall have been put to these fratricidal contests.

"I beg you, therefore, gentlemen, to inscribe my name amongst the friends of the Congress of Peace, but it is to me a source of deep regret that I cannot, on account of my health, accept the honour of presiding over you.

"If my physician, who urges me to go on a journey to avoid a dangerous state of health, would, nevertheless, consent to put it off for some days, and if my neuralgic pains are not too violent, it will afford me real pleasure to be present at one of your sessions.

"Receive, gentlemen, together with the expression of these sentiments, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

"† MAINE DOMINIQUE AUGUSTE,
"Paris, Aug. 17." "Archbishop of Paris."

FURTHER PROCEEDINGS.

A list of rules which are to be observed during the session, one of which prohibits "any direct allusion to the political events of the day," were then unanimously agreed to.

It was then proposed that the Archbishop of Paris should be appointed Honorary President of the Congress, which was carried unanimously.

Several letters containing adhesions to the Congress from various persons were then read.

A discussion then arose as to whether the letter of the Archbishop of Paris should be read in English, and on its being decided on, Mr. Cobden undertook its translation. On introducing it to the meeting, he stated that he was about to read the letter of the Archbishop of "Canterbury," which excited considerable hilarity.

M. Visschers, President of the Brussels Peace Society, and of the last Congress at Brussels, then addressed the meeting.

The President then delivered the prizes to the successful candidates for the essays and announced that the Christian Moral Society of France now offered a prize of a gold medal of 500 francs to the author of the most complete collection of peace sentiments—extracts not only from religious books of all sects, but also of books of profane antiquity, and of the works of the most celebrated modern writers of all nations. The essays may be written in all languages, and must be deposited before the 1st of April, 1850, in the hands of M. Rienzi, administrator of the Society of Christian Morals, Rue St. Guillaume.

M. Bonnetier advocated the reference to arbitration by nations in lieu of an appeal to arms.

The Rev. John Burnett made an address, in the course of which he said, "The large assembly of to-day is a practical refutation of the slander that France and England are natural enemies"—(immense applause).

After a few more addresses from other gentlemen present, the President put to the Congress the first resolution, which will be found in the subjoined programme, which was adopted, and the meeting was adjourned to five o'clock.

PROGRAMME OF RESOLUTIONS.

"Recourse to arms being a usage condemned alike by religion, morality, reason, and humanity, it is the duty of all men to adopt measures calculated to bring about the abolition of war; and the following resolutions will be submitted to the friends of universal peace, assembled in Congress at Paris on the 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th of August, 1849:—

"1. As Peace alone can secure the moral and material interests of nations, it is the duty of all Governments to submit to arbitration all differences that arise between them, and to respect the decisions of the arbitrators whom they may choose.

"2. It is of the highest importance to call the attention of Governments to the necessity of entering, by a general and simultaneous measure, upon a system of disarmament, for the purpose of reducing the national expenditure, and of removing at the same time a permanent cause of disquietude and irritation from among the nations.

"3. The Congress recommends all the friends of Peace to prepare public opinion in their respective countries for the formation of a Congress of Nations whose sole object it should be to frame a code of international laws, on just principles, and to constitute a Supreme Court, to which should be submitted all questions relating to the reciprocal rights and duties of nations.

"4. The Congress condemns all loans and taxes intended for the prosecution of wars of ambition and conquest.

"5. The Congress recommends its members to endeavor to eradicate from the minds of all, in their respective countries, both by means of a better education of youth, and by other practical methods, those political prejudices and hereditary hatreds which have so often been the cause of disastrous war.

"6. The Congress addresses the same invitation to all ministers of religion, whose sacred mission it is to encourage feelings of good will among men; as well as to the various organs of the press, which exercise so powerful an influence over the progress of civilization.

"7. The Congress earnestly hopes for the improvement of the means of international communication; for the extension of postal reform; for the universal adoption of the same standard of weights, measures, and coinage; and for the multiplication of peace societies, which shall keep up a correspondence with each other.

"8. The Congress decides that the committee be instructed to draw up an address to all nations embodying the resolutions of the Congress, and that this address shall be presented to the various Governments, and that special means be taken to bring it under the attention of the President of the French Republic."

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SLAVERY.—This Report prepared agreeably to the vote of the Convention of Congregational Ministers of Massachusetts, but the length of which prevented any more than an abstract being read, at the meeting on May 30th of the present year, is now published. It commences with a skilfully drawn outline of the history of Slavery, and next passes to the Biblical Argument, in the result of which, though we may not accept all the statements in reaching it, we agree with the Report that,

"We understand the *right* of the Israelites to hold bond-servants, it was wholly derived from divine permission. It was granted, or rather not denied to them, when emerging from a semi-barbarous state; and when it would have been next to impossible to enforce an absolute prohibition of all servitude."

The Pauline argument is well and strongly put:—

"When did Paul ever say, *Servants, obey your masters in the Lord, for this is right*? And why did he not speak thus, as he did when inculcating filial obedience? If it was *right* in itself, and a moral duty according to "the law and the prophets," why did he not speak in the same manner as to children?

"The motive, in every instance, was *not that of obligation to the master, as if of right* a slaveholder; but that which arose, from the relation of servants to the "Lord of all." They were to obey, that '*the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed*,' 'in *singleness of heart as unto Christ*; '*that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things*.' How does the *principle* of obligation here differ, from that which should constrain us to "resist not evil," and to "pray for them which despitefully use" us "and persecute" us? When smitten on the right cheek, if we turn the other also, do we thereby confess ourselves justly smitten? We may suffer patiently, for the honor of God and the gospel, what we know to be the most flagrant injustice and inhuman oppression. And we may counsel others to suffer in like manner, if need be, "for conscience toward God."

The report as a whole, we think will be pronounced both able and satisfactory; we give to it a hearty AYE, and hope it may have free course through all our churches. May its concluding paragraphs effectually summons the churches to their duty, and none of them slumber under its rousing trumpet-call.—

"We base our whole appeal, we repeat, upon the instant protest of humanity itself against the idea of slavery, and the eternal opposition between it and the law of Christ. The first, every man feels; and the last, however some may qualify their words, we believe that every Christian knows. This want of perception of the absolutely unchristian nature of the institution of Slavery is a terrible fiction, which results from perpetual compromisings of simple truth. Men begin by questioning if religion demands an immediate abolition of human bondage, and then the passage is easy to its toleration, to silence over its wrongs, to admission of its right to live beneath Christian institutions—perhaps to its positive defence.

The call of humanity and of Christ our Lord is the great imperative CONSIDERATION, the grand, all-powerful MOTIVE for action. Shall it not be heard? It belongs to no section—to no party. It cannot recognize geographical lines. Humanity lives everywhere. Christ's truth is the law for all souls and all climes.

Shall not the call be obeyed? Rather, we ask, who will presume to neglect or disobey it?—We do not insist upon special methods of action. We only insist that the protest be decided and clear—in the name of humanity; in the infinitely greater name of Almighty God. Let the action be Christian in its gentleness, but Christian also in its fidelity. Shall the citizens of a nation whose foundation was laid upon the doctrine of Human Rights, practically sanction the idea which a distinguished statesman has advanced with a daring consistency, "that the great thought of the Declaration of Independence is a fiction; or shall we vindicate that Christian doctrine by a consistent obedience? Shall this land be the last asylum of slavery when driven from other nations, Christian and unchristian, with execrations, or shall it be truly free? Shall we cling to the sin amidst the increasing light of ages, or trample it beneath our feet in the love of liberty and of man?

Will such a call prevail? As God liveth, it cannot fail. The world is filled with signs of hope. The idea of human right shakes every throne. Freedom is becoming the omnipotent word. The shouts of the emancipated are heard from the isles of the sea, and across the ocean. The sacred contest for freedom is begun in our own land. There can be no defeat, except through unfaithfulness. It does not become the disciples of the Christian faith to question the supreme power of simple truth, when the whole history of their religion attests it—when its grand purpose is to pour the Spirit of the Lord into the souls of all his followers, as the life of the vine flows into all its branches.

REV. DR. CHANNING.—A PROPHECY NOT YET FULFILLED.

In the third volume of the "Spirit of the Pilgrims," for the year 1830, there is a "Review of Dr. Channing on Associations," which contains a prophecy of the transieniness of that great man's fame, together with a judgment of his merits as a thinker and writer, which must greatly amuse our readers in this present year of 1849—(1850, we should be glad to say for the sake of correspondence.) We wonder whether our respected friends of the 'Congregationalist,' in whose columns so high a tribute has been recently paid to Channing, will not be likewise amused. The "Review" under consideration, was very generally, and we suppose truly, attributed by the readers of the Spirit of the Pilgrims to a clergyman now, though he was not then, one of the settled Orthodox pastors of this city.

"We record it for the verification of future time, that *that there is no man, whose literary celebrity is now so great, who will be soon forgotten.* He is not a deep, original thinker; he wants the moral courage which always accompanies an original mind. * * * He picks up curious little shells on "the shore of the great ocean of truth," which the pearl divers had trodden under foot. He never throws out generous inputs of thought, but penuriously spreads a penny-weight over a large surface. We know of no writer of moderate reputation, who has so poor a stock of *words* at his command. In all his writings, you never meet with a peculiar word that makes you pause at the comprehensiveness of its meaning, or that shows you, by its peculiar adaptation to the place where it is set, that the writer had been down in the mines, and had chosen it out from a thousand. There is throughout the same copious and tiresome flow of common-place words; so that the reader often casts his eye down the page, and anticipates the sentiment, instead of waiting for the feeble and tardy succession of words to pass through his mind. * * * We should infer that there had been more of a feminine than of a manly influence exerted upon the mind of this writer. It seems as if he had associated more with females than with men, and that he wrote to suit their modes of thought. Yet we fear that we may be doing injustice to some of our female friends, who have been preserved from the enervating influence of the flimsy, ephemeral literature of the day."

RECENT PAMPHLETS.

THE PERKINS INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND. The 'Seventeenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, to the Corporation,' with An "Appendix," we have allowed to remain too long without an acknowledgement of its value, and of deep interest in its perusal. The main topic of discussion is the expediency of a work department. Dr. Howe favors an establishment merely for providing the blind with work, and not furnishing board in common. Against the latter plan, he presents very strong and conclusive reasons. In this, as in preceding reports, there are remarks on the laws of the physical human constitution, which he will be the wiser and happier who observes.

The Office and Sales Rooms of the Institution are 20 and 22 Bromfield St., where friends may find Articles manufactured by the Blind, at wholesale and retail.

HENRY BOX BROWN. This narrative is written by Mr. Charles Stearns from statements made by Mr. Brown. We wish the compiler had not worked the matter up quite so much, and had given it in a style of greater verisimilitude, more simplicity and better taste, and mixed it less up with irrelevant matter. "A round, unvarnished tale" of this refugee from slavery, would be one of the strongest weapons for anti-slavery ever employed. The engraved likeness is not a good nor a true one. The print of the *box*, on the outside cover, with its label, has affected us more than any representation ever made to us, and we say,—God speed the day when the aspirations for liberty that encountered the terrible hazard to life of such a way of escape, may be universally fulfilled in the redemption of every bondman and bondwoman in the land.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. This No. comes to us from Fetridge & Co., successors to T. Wiley Jr. The article on Morell's Philosophy of Religion is a continuation of one begun in a previous number. It is able, and we respect it the more for the candor with which it avows the difficulties which the subject of Inspiration involves. But MORELL goes deeper than the Reviewer grasps.

The article on Swift and his Biography is a fine one. We like the tone of it. Wilberforce's exclamation, "What a thoroughly irreligious mind"—is shown to be a superficial one, and Swift is seen to have had vastly more religion than many who conceal less and profess more.—Fetridge & Co. have also received *Blackwood*.

PRACTICAL TALES FOR PRACTICAL PEOPLE. The celebrated author of "My Mother's Gold Ring" has commenced another series bearing his image and superscription. No. 1, is entitled "The Legal Remedy or the Beauties of Going to Law." It is illustrated by Johnston, and is a laughter-moving affair, which will do good like a medicine.

☞ The Polanen Chapel, Bridgeport, Ct., erected by the liberality of Madam Van Polanen, of that city, will be consecrated to the public worship of the One Living and True God, the Father, on Thursday, Oct. 4. The services will commence at 2 o'clock, P. M.

On the evening of that day, there will be a second religious service in the Chapel.

It is earnestly hoped, from the proximity of this occasion to the installation of Rev. Mr. Osgood at New York, which will take place on the 3d., the day previous, that many of our brethren and friends from this region who may be there, will make their arrangements to attend the services at Bridgeport as they return. Our clergy, and the friends of libera. Christianity generally, are cordially invited to be present.

CANNELTON, (Indians) is a growing place, containing seven hundred inhabitants from all parts and of all sects. Rev. J. FISHER has collected a Sunday school of seventy pupils already, and has reason to expect still a larger regular attendance. At present, they have neither manuals nor Library, and a member of the new society now in Boston, desires to carry them with him. If any Sunday school has manuals of any kind to spare, whether Questions, Catechisms, or Hymn books, the best possible use they can put them to, is to send them to the office of the A. U. A. for Cannelton. And any friends, who may be interested in the West or in Mr. Fisher, will be certain of doing real good by purchasing a dozen or two suitable books, and availing themselves promptly of this opportunity.

Perhaps the children in some of our country Sunday schools, who have heard of the excellent movement among the Boston little folks, may be glad to do something to help Western boys and girls to privileges like their own. Only, as the gentleman leaves on Tuesday, there is no time to be lost.

☞ OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE. We were happy to furnish, last week, the letter from Rev. Dr. Allen, from whom also we expect to hear again previous to his return. We present, this week, the first letter of another gentleman, of fine genius and accomplishments, and who, before his departure from this country, to spend some months in Europe, was engaged as a regular correspondent of the Christian Register.

☞ Rev. Mr. Higginson, of Newburyport has resigned his pastoral charge, and we understand it to be his intention to retire from the permanent ministry.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR'S COMPLIMENT TO MEADVILLE. We have read in the *Atlas* quite an enthusiastic letter from a lady of Meadville, narrating the President's reception in that place. She says, "the General paid us many compliments, and subsequently, to the committee from Erie, expressed himself as delighted with the beautiful borough of Meadville."

NOTICE.—The Installation of Rev. Samuel Osgood will take place on Wednesday, Oct. 3, at the "Church of the Messiah," New York.

An invitation to attend on this occasion is hereby extended to all the clergymen of our faith.

RICH'D. WARREN, } Com.
S. J. BEALS, }

New York, Sept. 20, 1849.

Ministers who can be present will please call and leave their names at the rooms of the "Unitarian Association," No. 257 Broadway, by 10 o'clock, on the day of the Installation. 2w s22

☞ The FRANKLIN EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION will meet at the house of Rev. G. F. Clarke, in Warwick, on Monday, Sept. 24th, at 4 P. M. JOHN F. MOORS, Scribe.

Deerfield, Sept. 12th, 1849.

WORCESTER COUNTY AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY.

THE Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of donations from Evangelical Society, Lancaster, by Rev. Mr. Packard, $3 00
From Worcester North Bible Society, Benj. Hawkes, Esq., Treasurer, collected in Rev. Mr. Chipman's Society, Athol, 10 00
From Whitonsville, by Mr. Paul Dudley, to make Mr. Ephraim S. Fletcher and Mrs. Fletcher Life Members, A. B. Soc., 60 00
A donation, 40 00
From Horace Armsby, for Home, 5 00
From Brookfield Association Bible Society, Wm. Hyde, Esq., Treasurer, collected in Oakham, 15 00
do, in Hardwick, 35 00
From Harmony Conference of Churches, Wm. C. Capen, Esq., Treasurer, collected in Upton, to make Dea. Wm. Hale Life Member of A. B. Soc., 37 00
From Rev. Mr. Phipps' Society, Paxton, 8 57
From Calvinist Society, Worcester, by Dea. Taylor, 96 24
From Miss Waldo, do. do, 100 00
From Mr. Salisbury, do. do, 100 00
From Brookfield Association Bible Society, Wm. Hyde, Esq., Treasurer, collected in August for Southbridge, 21 26
From Bible Society, in 1st Congregational Soc., Leicester, by D. E. Munroe, Esq., 51 95
From Worcester North Bible Society, B. Hawkes, Esq., Treasurer, collected in Rev. Mr. Adam's Society, Templeton, 25 40
From Stephen Salisbury, Worcester, 100 00
From Alex. H. Walde, Esq., Worcester, Life Member, 5 00

Worcester, Sept. 19, 1849. $723 92

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Thursday, Sept. 13, by Rev. Dr. Sharp, Mr. George H. Loring, to Miss Ann Sharp, daughter of the officiating clergyman. Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, of Hartford, Ct., who was their early instructor, participated in the interesting service.

In Portsmouth, N. H., by Rev. Rufus W. Clark, Mr. Edward Upham, of Boston, to Miss Caroline, daughter of John W. Fernald, Esq., of the former place.

In Nantucket, on the 17th inst, by Rev. Wm. H. Prinsley, Mr. William F. Clark, druggist, of New Bedford, to Miss Adaline Meades, of Nantucket.

DEATHS.

In East Lexington, 17th inst, Theodore H., Jr., eldest son of Rev. Theodore H. and Nancy C. Dorr, 7 years 5 months.

In Lexington, Sept. 15, Mrs. Francia Martha, wife of Lieut. H. Tingey Wingate, U. S N., and daughter of John Skinner, Esq.

In Billerica, Sept. 14, Horace, youngest son of Luther Faulkner, 2 years.

At Roxbury, on the 15th, Mrs. Susan E., wife of Mr. Edwin Evans, 29.

In North Salem, on Sunday, at 1 P. M., Mrs. Anna Storer Colman Dodge, wife of Pickering Dodge, Esq., and daughter of the late Rev. Henry Colman.

Of her life or her death it is needless to speak. The first was blessed to herself and to all about her by rare domestic virtue and sweetness; the last by perfect resignation and peace. "I do not pretend to have been a Christian, but I have done the little I could," was the sincere thought and expression of her dying hours.

The following notice is from another correspondent:—

Departed this life on Sunday, Anna Storer Colman, daughter of the late Rev. H. Colman, and wife of Pickering Dodge. A dutiful daughter, a tender wife, an affectionate mother, a beloved friend, the first sorrow she gave to the hearts of these who knew and esteemed her, was when her gentle spirit left this earth for Heaven.

"Awake and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime!
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou, who hast done with time!
"Awake, lift up thine eyes!
See all Heaven's host appears!
And be thou glad exceedingly—
Thou, who hast done with tears." S.

[Gazette.

In Brookfield, N. H., 12th inst, Charles Colman, 67, brother of the late Henry Colman.

NOBLE DEEDS OF WOMAN, or Examples of Female Courage and Virtue, by Elizabeth Starling, 12mo, London, just received by
CROSBY & NICHOLS,
s22 1is2os 111 Washington St.

THE NEMESIS OF FAITH.

THE Nemesis of Faith, by J. A. Froude, 1 vol., London, just received by
CROSBY & NICHOLS,
s22 1is2os 111 Washington St.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
FOR THE CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

THE uniform success which has attended the use of this preparation—its salutary effect—its power to relieve and cure affections of the Lungs, have gained for it a celebrity equalled by no other medicine. We offer it to the afflicted with entire confidence in its virtues, and the full belief that it will subdue and remove the severest attacks of disease upon the throat and Lungs. These results, as they become publicly known, very naturally attract the attention of medical men and philanthropists everywhere. What is their opinion of CHERRY PECTORAL may be seen in the following:—

VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.,
Prof. Surgery Med. College, New York, says:—
"It gives me pleasure to certify the value and efficacy of Ayer's CHERRY PECTORAL, which I consider peculiarly adapted to cure diseases of the Throat and Lungs."

THE RT. REV. LORD BISHOP FIELD
writes in a letter to his friend, who was fast sinking under an affection of the Lungs:—"Try the CHERRY PECTORAL, and if any medicine can give you relief, with the blessing of God that will."

CHIEF JUSTICE EUSTIS,
of Louisiana, writes, "That a young daughter of his was cured of several severe attacks of *Croup* by the CHERRY PECTORAL."

ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS.
The Canadian Journal of Medical Science
states, "That Asthma and Bronchitis so prevalent in this inclement climate, has yielded with surprising rapidity to Ayer's CHERRY PECTORAL, and we cannot too strongly recommend this skilful preparation to the Profession and public generally."

Let the relieved sufferer speak for himself:—

HARTFORD, Jan. 26, 1847.
Dr. J. C. Ayer—Dear Sir:—Having been rescued from a painful and dangerous disease by your medicine, gratitude prompts me to send you this acknowledgment, not only in justice to you, but for the information of others in like affliction.

A slight cold upon the lungs, neglected at first, became so severe that spitting of blood, a violent cough and profuse night sweats followed and fastened upon me. I became emaciated, could not sleep, was distressed by my cough, and a pain through my chest, and in short had all the alarming symptoms of quick consumption. No medicine seemed at all to reach my case, until I providentially tried your CHERRY PECTORAL, which soon relieved and now has cured me.

Yours with respect,
E. A. STEWART.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 17, 1748.
Dr. Ayer, Lowell—Dear Sir:—I have for years been afflicted with Asthma in the worst form; so that I have been obliged to sleep in my chair for a large part of the time, being unable to breathe on my bed. I had tried a great many medicines to no purpose, until my Physician prescribed, as an experiment, your CHERRY PECTORAL.

At first it seemed to make me worse, but in no less than a week I began to experience the most gratifying relief from its use; and now, in four weeks the disease is entirely removed. I can sleep on my bed with comfort, and enjoy a state of health which I had never expected to enjoy. GEORGE S. FARRANT.

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TO commence on Monday, October 1st. Hours, 9 till 2. Designed to furnish a thorough course of Instruction, under the best Teachers, in every branch of Female Education,—to qualify Young Ladies for any sphere of duty, or any circle in society.

Our rooms are spacious and retired, comprising a
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APPROPRIATE GYMNASTIC AND CALISTHENIC APPARATUS,
Affording a variety of agreeable exercise and recreation, to be reserved exclusively for the use of Families, free access being given, at stated hours, to the Young Ladies of the School.

Parents wishing to give their daughters a liberal, accomplished, thorough, and healthful education, are respectfully invited to call and examine our arrangements. Liberal reduction made to parents sending more than one Pupil, or for more than one term.

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of which may be found the largest stock in the market. Hotel keepers and ship owners are respectfully invited to call and examine. 1is&12os s15

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5000 New Cashmere Shawls, all shapes, sizes, qualities, and prices.
50 packages superior Black Silks, extra width, for Dresses, Visites, Mantillas, &c.
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☞ Since the first edition of the above works was issued, a few weeks ago, they have met with a very favorable reception, and one or both have been adopted as text books by School Committees or teachers in Roxbury, Cambridge, Charlestown, and in several other important places in New England; also in New York "STATE NORMAL SCHOOL," Albany.

From Rev. Thomas Hill, A. M., member of the School Committee, Waltham, Mass.

As I looked over the 'Practical Elocutionist' of Mr. Maglathlin, I found my old Whatelian prejudices against rules for utterance vanish. The practical, intelligible, and valuable nature of the rules in this little book makes it the only thing I have ever seen which I thought would help either teacher or scholar in our common schools in learning to read well.

From Thomas Sherwin, A. M., Principal of the English High School, Boston.

Mr. H. B. Maglathlin.—Dear Sir,—I have examined your "Practical Elocutionist," and "National Speaker," and am happy to say that I think they will prove valuable auxiliaries in teaching the important but too much neglected art of elocution. I commend these works to the favorable regard of teachers and of the public.

From Franklin Crosby, A. M., Principal of the High School, South Reading, Mass.

The arrangements and selections of "The National Speaker" are such as to commend it to all who are interested in elocution as a branch of school studies.

An "Elocutionary Analysis" is certainly a new feature in an American compilation. In my opinion, the selections are admirably adapted to insure that variety so necessary in a work of this nature. While a few of the most legible of the ancient landmarks are allowed to remain, I am glad to see that a desire for a change imparts to this book that freshness of matter so essential to success.

Published by ROBERT S. DAVIS, No. 120 Washington St., Boston, and for sale by the Booksellers. aug4. eop3wis

SCHOOL BOOKS.

PUBLISHED BY JENKS, PALMER & CO., No. 131 Washington street, Boston, and for sale by Booksellers and Country Traders generally:

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POETRY.

(For the Christian Register.)

THE UNFRUITFUL TREE.

It stood midst other trees dry-barked,
Its limbs with moss were overgrown,
And many a blow its trunk had marked;
Men sought for fruit, but found there none.

It stood for many years; the rain,
And dew fell on it; yet no leaf
Came forth when stirred the sprouting grain,
Nor summer's sun brought it relief.

The roots, whence free the sap ascends,
Had ceased to draw their rich supply;
Nor sun nor shower the tree befriends,
That does not on the earth rely.

I heard the axe when winter chilled,
Thick, sturdy blows with echoing sound;
And soon no more its place it filled,
So long a cumberer of the ground.

J. V.

[The inclosed will not be deemed too enthusiastic, when the reader is aware that the author is just now slowly recovering from an attack of the fearful epidemic.]

MISERERE.—By J. E. L.

And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he and all his servants, and all the Egyptians, and there was a great cry in Egypt, for there was not a house where there was not one dead: Exodus 12: 30.

Keep silence!—bend low!—'tis the voice of the Lord,
See, his lifted right arm as the gleam of a sword;
In sackcloth and ashes and mournful array,
Fall prostrate, ye people, before him to-day;
'Tis the voice of the Lord, on the breath of his wrath,
And we be as dead men bestrewing his path!
A cry of deep wail,
Rises far thro' the land;
Restrain great Jehovah thy pestilent hand.

A voice of deep wail on the land, on the sea,
Red drops on the door-posts, no lintel is free;
Cold hearth-stones deserted, once peaceful and blest,
And the younglings lie dead at the door of the nest.
Stay thy hand! great Jehovah, the plague draweth near,
We would bow and entreat thee in meekness and fear;
While the echo of wail,
Rises far thro' the land,
We beseech thee restrain the fierce scourge in thy hand.

They stand up in fear, thy mighty men all,
For the hand writing gleams from the banqueting hall;
And the prophecy haunts the toil worn at his rest,
And bath the great heart of the nation oppress;
Well, well may we bend in the deep hush of prayer,
For the pestilence rideth the breath of the air;
And a cry of deep wail,
Rises up o'er the land.
Restrain, oh Jehovah! thine uplifted hand.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An Universal History, in a Series of Letters, being a complete and impartial Narrative of the most remarkable events of all nations, from the earliest period to the present time. Forming a complete History of the World. By G. C. Hebbe, LL. D. vols. 1 and 2.—pp. 574. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.

We apprehend that the contents of this work, which we have received through Messrs. Munroe & Co., will not quite come up to the manifesto on the title page. One thing seems to us very clear—that no man can compose a just or a complete history of the world, who writes from so skeptical a point of view as does Dr. Hebbe. For he maintains that "the Christian religion is entirely independent of the ancient Hebrew records." He says he "feels that he is authorized to treat the laws of Moses and the ancient historical records of the Hebrews, as mere human productions," nor does he allow that the Old Testament contains a record of revelation.

We do not see evidence from references, &c., that Dr. Hebbe has gone into very profound investigations. His history, however designed for popular effect, will never be regarded as a standard work, or one of superior rank. And yet it contains a great deal of just and profitable remark, and in some respects has advantages over more elaborate histories.

The Penance of Roland, a Romance of the Peine Forte et Dure; and other Poems. By Henry B. Hirst, author of Endymion, etc., etc. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1849.

Those who have read "Endymion," will not forget its wonderful rythmical melody, producing the effect of the finest music on the feelings.—The present volume has this same power, and the same beautiful descriptions, and, we think, more of valuable thought. It is dedicated to the Hon. Rufus Choate, who, we feel assured, will not esteem the praise of a poet like Mr. Hirst any mean tribute, nor fail to be attracted by he kindred wealth of imagination here displayed.

Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome. Being Notes of Conversations held with certian Jesuits on the subject of Religion in the City of Rome. By the Rev. Mr. Hobart Seymour, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff Street. 1849.

This work is by the author of "A Pilgrimage to Rome." The conversations it records, range through a very large portion of the entire field of controversy between the Churches of England and Rome. In the part which the Jesuits take in them, there seems to be no attempt (if we may quote a word from Cowper,) to *dumfeezle* the English churchman, but a free expression of their real sentiments and feelings. The reader will find much that will be new and interesting, and perhaps be able to look further than before into the interior of the Church of Rome, as represented in the person of some of her most intelligent men.

The Solace; or, Affliction lightened. By Rev. Timothy Alden Taylor. Boston: James French. 1849.

A miniature volume, in large type. It contains words of true solace, interspersed with Calvinistic doctrines which we neither believe, nor can see have any tendency to promote the design of the work.

Mitchell's Biblical and Sabbath School Geography &c., &c: By S. Augustus Mitchell. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. 1849.

This book is prepared for Sunday Schools and Bible classes. A very great defect in it is, that the *maps* do not contain the results of the latest observations. The Dead Sea remains in its old outline, notwithstanding the contributions of Dr. Robinson and Lieut. Lynch, to Geographical science. The wood cuts are poor. We hope a much better work still will be prepared.

Gleanings from the History of Music, from the earliest ages to the commencement of the eighteenth century. By Joseph Bird. Boston: Benjamin B. Mussy & Co. 1850.

Mr. Bird is well known both as an amateur and practical musician. His work is compiled chiefly from two Histories of Music, one by Sir John Hawkins, and the other, in 4 volumes quarto, by Charles Burney, *Musicae Doctor*, F. R. S &c., who was thirty years in meditating, and more than twenty in writing and printing it. The numerous sketches of musicians, and the various information contained in the work, will be most acceptable to every lover of music.

The Child's First History of Rome. By E. M. Sewell. Author of "Amy Herbert," etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849.

To use the language of the American editor, "Miss Sewell, drawing materials from the most reliable sources, has incorporated them in a narrative at once unostentatious, perspicuous and graphic."

Church Melodist: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850.

This collection of Sacred Music comprises, in addition to most of the old standard tunes, a great variety of new and original Tunes, Sentences, Chants, Anthems, &c., adapted to social and religious worship, societies, singing schools, &c.

Mr. White has a very large circle of friends, who look to the volumes prepared by him as valuable helps in musical instruction and performance.

OLD MAIDS.

"A few short years!
Less time may well suffice for death and fate
To work all change on earth! To break the ties
Which early love had formed; and to bow down
The elastic spirit, and to blight each flower
Strewn in life's crowded path. But be it so;
Be it enough to know that happiness
Meets us on other shores."

Mrs. Hemans.

Only a short chapter upon Old Maids, the least appreciated class of individuals in our community, the ones most liable to censure and ridicule. We appeal to all. Who amongst us, but has some maiden aunt, sister, or cousin, or friend, endeared to us by a thousand acts of kindness and affection? Some Aunt Clara, or Cousin Lizzy, who has wiped away the tears of childhood, soothed and comforted the griefs of youth, watched over the bed of sickness, or perchance pillowed the dying head, and performed the last office of love for our departed parents, or beloved child? In the circle of our loved ones has she not a place? Did the dying mother intrust her orphan children to her care, knowing that the beloved sister, whose heart's love had been crushed in youth, would centre all the deep devotion and tenderness which that blow had left unscathed upon these desolate little ones. Perhaps the father has entrusted his orphan child to the charge of a faithful friend whose value he can appreciate, and whose devotion and care for them will be as untiring as his own. Have we no unmarried relative or friend, who in times of trial, or anxiety, or sudden sickness, or emergency unprepared for, has ever been found ready and willing to leave her quiet and beloved home to enter upon scenes of trouble and annoyance, to assist with heart and hands at these trying moments, and whose time and talents, of whatever nature, are devoted to the benefit of those who need her services?

The Maiden Aunt, with but sufficient income for her own wants, struggling to bestow an education upon the children of a dissipated or spendthrift brother, or widowed sister;—another perhaps supplying from her own scanty stores an addition to another's wardrobe, or toiling far into the hours of night to finish some garment she is eager to bestow upon one less prudent or industrious than herself—can we not recal such persons to our memory? Are they not of us, and with us always? Who provides for the sailor boy some choice luxuries for his long voyage? Who remembers the warm garment which his other friends had forgotten, and for whom does he select the first present in a foreign land, and carefully secure it in a safe corner of the seachest? This is his beloved Maiden Aunt, who has watched over his childish years and has been to him as a Mother.

Cease the idle jest, the severe and rude censure, the heartless pity, upon those whom choice, or death, or misfortune, or stern sad sorrow has destined to a single life. And while we witness their acts of devotion and love, while they share our joys in health, and comfort, soothe and watch over us in sorrow and sickness; while we cherish the memory of the departed, or revere the virtues and wisdom of the living, let us feel that there is honor and loveliness in the path even of an "Old Maid."

Annie Armstrong.

Hungarian Incident.

DEVOTION OF A WOMAN'S LOVE.

We can to-day lay before our readers one of the most striking instances of female heroism and devotedness, and we feel the more pleasure in citing it, as the nation to which our heroine belongs, at this moment so much excites our sympathy, which we think is worthily bestowed, if it can boast of many such characters as the one we are going to describe.

Whoever has followed the late tide of events in Europe with the interest it commands, knows to what extent the measures of Austria and its ally, Russia, are carried on to frustrate the attempts of Hungary for national independence. Vague accounts of wholesale executions of prisoners of war who fell into the hands of the Austrians, have also reached us from time to time, but the Austrian papers are silent on the subject, and the little that is known has been gathered from private letters which escaped interception. Certain it is, that fearful scenes have occurred at Presburg and Pesth, before this was retaken by the Hungarians, and the gallows has been beneath the weight of unfortunate men, whom treachery or overwhelming numbers threw into the hands of the tyrants.

In an encounter of a body of Austrian Uhlans with a troop of Hungarian Huzzars, a young officer leading the latter, fought with the most distinguished gallantry, such as his holy cause alone could inspire him with. Dealing death with every blow, he cut his way to the officer commanding the enemy, wrenched the sword out of his grasp, and summoned him to surrender. A fresh struggle, however, ensued, and the Austrian was thrown from his horse mortally wounded. At the same moment the horse of the Hungarian, stabbed by the lance of an Uhlan, made one more leap and fell, throwing Capt Corab, his rider, so heavily on the ground that he became senseless. Soon after this, the fight was decided; another troop of Austrians came suddenly upon the combatants, and the Hungarians, who gave, but took no quarter, in the certainty of an inglorious death if made prisoners, were obliged to fly.

Captain Corab was found by the enemy to be merely stunned by the fall of his horse, and soon recovered. He appealed to the generosity of his captor, and begged him to shoot him at once, that he might be spared the disgrace of death by the rope, but his appeal was in vain. He was marched off to the quarters of the Colonel in command, and was notified that he would be removed to Presburg, there to stand his trial and expiate his crime on the gallows.

Corab's troop, when they saw their Captain fall, thought him dead, and reported this at the Hungarian head quarters; but the next day deserters came from the enemy's lines, relating how the Captain had been made prisoner, and what would be his fate. Those who had not mourned Corab's death, supposing that he had gloriously met it on the field of battle, this intelligence filled with despair. The officers went *en masse* to the commander-in-chief, praying for an attack on the lines of the enemy; but the position of the army was such as to bring certain destruction upon them all, if unsuccessful, and they were consequently refused. Various other schemes were made to liberate Corab, but had also to be abandoned again; till at last an offer was made to exchange him for one of their officers of higher rank—but this also being refused, every hope to save their comrade seemed gone, and they were all aware that Corab would be tried and condemned as a deserter, having received his education at the military cadet school at Vienna.

Early the next morning, an English lady, with her companion and servants, desired of the Hungarian general to be conducted to his outposts on her way to Presburg. This was granted, and the travellers, after leaving the Hungarian, passed the Austrian lines, and afterwards arrived at Shemler, a town on the north road, and then the head-quarters of Lieut. Gen. Bach, who came and paid his respects to the lady. At this place her companion stopped, saying to the attendants that she could not proceed from illness and severe suffering, though two hours after that she went out, and on her return told the innkeeper that she had taken private lodgings, to which she would immediately remove.

On the same evening, a young Italian artist, named Trapalli, introduced himself to the commanding officer, stating that he had that day arrived from the north, and had on the road met an English lady whom he had formerly known at Milan, and who had entrusted him with a note for the General, which he now begged to hand. The note merely contained a request for a favorable reception of Mr. Trapalli, he being a well-known and esteemed friend of the writer. General Bach, it appears, overlooked the necessity of asking for the gentleman's passport, probably thinking that his subordinate officers had attended to that, and gave Trapalli a special order to all officials, commanding them to treat the Italian with all politeness, and facilitate his progress southward. Trapalli set off almost instantly, and arrived in due time at the quarters of the Colonel commanding the Uhlans who held Corab in custody. Here the artist was well received; the Colonel, being a native of the Lombard provinces, and glad to speak in a language familiar to him, yet he perceived something extraordinary in the appearance of his guest, but no suspicions arose in him, the command of his superior officer vouching for the identity of the party he recommended.

Trapalli stopped the whole day, and hearing that the Uhlans had lately made some prisoners, he requested permission to see them, which was granted. Corab was the first they visited. He begged the Colonel to be left alone, as his days were numbered, but, on seeing the other visitor, he started amazed to his feet, made one step forward, when instantly recovering himself, he appeared indignant at his privacy being trespassed on at such a time, by strangers even. Both visitors withdrew hereupon, and after seeing some other prisoners, the Italian was satisfied, and at night took his leave of the Colonel, purposing to resume his journey early next morning, and a sergeant was ordered to see him to the outposts. Being shown home by this person, Trapalli incidentally mentioned how much he would have wished to take the likeness of the Hungarian, and after showing a number of gold pieces come plump to the question, whether the sergeant thought it could be done yet. After a good deal of persuasion and bribing, the Austrian consented to it, provided it could be done that night at candle light. Trapalli assured him the prisoner would have no objection to it, as he would promise him to give his parents a copy of the likeness. They, therefore, both went to the temporary prison of Corab, and soon was in his presence.

Our readers will have guessed that Trapalli was not the person he gave himself out for. Instead of an Italian artist, there stood before Corab his affianced bride Franciska Jaddo, a noble Hungarian woman, who had run those great risks to see him, and was now ready to bring greater sacrifices to liberate him. She it was who, as the companion of the English lady, stopped at Schemler, where she assumed man's dress, and with that boldness which characterizes woman in the hour of greatest danger, had, by waiting on the commanding general, faced it in its very den. Her intimate acquaintance with the Italian language enabled her to sustain her part with the Uhlan officer, and now in the presence of the sergeant, she hesitated not a moment, and yielded to the affectionate embraces of Corab. The Austrian, meanwhile, stood lost in amazement, but Franciska went up to him, discovered to him her sex, and the relation existing between her and the prisoner; told him he had forgot his duty in allowing her to see Corab, and he would consequently be punished if detected, and finally offered him a very considerable sum if he would aid in Corab's escape.

There was scarcely an alternative left, and the Austrian consented, but when Franciska told Corab that she would have to remain in his stead, as she had only the General's passport for herself, her persuasions had well near proved fruitless. She spoke of the certain and disgraceful death which awaited Corab if he remained, and represented her release as certain and speedy. Yet women, as well as men, had been shot and hanged by the Imperialists, and she knew it well, too, but she tried to forget it. She had not been captured with arms in hand, as other Hungarian women, who fought at the head of regiments which they themselves had raised, and she assured Corab that her very devotedness would procure her the mercy of the Austrians. She then spoke of the services which he might render his country, of his comrades who were anxious about him; she drew a lively picture of what he might again perform, if free, in pitched battle with the hated oppressor, and concluded by adjuring him by the happiness they would hereafter enjoy, to make his escape. And Corab consented. Their parting was that of kind and affectionate friends, who separated for a short time only. Corab and the sergeant both made good their escape, and were joyfully received at the Hungarian head-quarters.

The astonishment of the Uhlan Colonel, when the escape of Corab, and the finding of another person in his stead, was reported to him, was, no doubt very great, but all that has been ascertained is, that Franciska was on the same day conducted to Schemler, and from thence to Presburg. The following day a Hungarian spy returned from that place and brought the intelligence that the lady was to be tried on the morrow, the general impression being that she would be executed. A parlamentaire was instantly dispatched, but he came too late, the noble woman had been tried, and in spite of the intercession of many Austrian ladies of high rank, had been executed the same day. The details of this barbarous act are not known, but she is said to have died with the same unflinching courage which had signalized her efforts for the liberation of Corab.

Two days after this mournful news had reached the head quarters, a large number of huzzars and other officers, with a few private soldiers, all mounted, issued with the first break of day from the Hungarian camp. Corab led them towards the Austrian lines. The first sentinel, upon whom they came unawares, threw his arms from him, and begged for life, but those whose captive he was, knew mercy no longer. The Hungarians passed over his dead body, and were almost immediately discovered by another sentinel, who gave the alarm. Then with a loud and fearful cry, the valiant band threw itself upon the Uhlan encampment, which lay close before them. They were met by three times their number, and the shock was irresistible. The Uhlans were broken and fled in all directions, closely pursued by their foes. The Colonel rallied a few, with whom he made a bold dash at the Hungarians. The encounter was a terrible but short one, the Colonel, with all those who followed, were cut down.

Within two hours the victors returned to their quarters; they had lost but nine of their number, amongst whom was Corab, who had courted and found death.

The name of the English lady, who, at her own great peril, assisted Franciska in executing her design, is not mentioned; but a future day will bring it to light, and ensure her that esteem and admiration which her generosity deserves.—[Police Gazette.

Death of the Firemen's Friend. The veteran dog "Tiger," who for many years has been the firm friend of Lafayette Engine Company, No. 18, and a great favorite with every member of the Boston Fire Department, is no more. Tiger was about sixteen years old, and at the time of his death was toothless, almost blind, and very deaf, the effect of constant hard service. His natural disposition was very clever, always minding his own business, and never interfering with that of any other dog, or any person. For hours together the poor creature would quietly lie on the door sill of Lafayette Engine House, but the moment an alarm of fire was sounded, Tiger was on his feet, raising his voice to its highest pitch, and was off with the engine.

The immediate cause of Tiger's death was a wound received from an ugly bull-dog, who, on Sunday evening, while Tiger was lying in his usual place, attacked him, inflicting a shocking gash under his fore shoulder. Every thing was done to heal the wound and alleviate the suffering of the poor creature, but all seemed useless, and it was with the greatest reluctance that his owner, Capt. F. A. Colburn, and the members of the company, came to the conclusion that it would be an act of mercy to kill him. This was done about noon to-day, and his skin was taken to a taxydermist to be stuffed. Thus ended the life of the faithful friend of the firemen.—Journal, Tuesday, Sept. 4.

☞ Tiger was very attentive at fires, and was held in great esteem by the past and present members of Engine Company No. 18, and many others. He daily went to Faneuil Hall market, where one of the Engineers of the Fire Department was wont to give him his rations; and if he found his friend busily occupied in serving his customers, Tiger, like a well-bred dog, would lie quietly down until it was convenient to attend to his wants; seemingly aware that his motives would be properly appreciated. He was a native of Copenhagen.—Daily Adv.

THE NILE.

Blackwood's Magazine, in a Review of Werne's "Narrative of a Voyage up the Nile," furnishes the following description of some of the strange scenes passed through:

"We can conceive few things more exciting than such a voyage as Mr. Werne has accomplished and recorded. Starting from the outposts of civilization, he sailed into the very heart of Africa, up a stream whose upper waters then, for the first time, were furrowed by vessels larger than a savage's canoe—a stream of such gigantic proportions that its width, at a thousand miles from the sea, gave it the aspect of a lake rather than of a river. The brute creation were in proportion to the magnitude of the water course. The hippopotamus reared his huge snout above the surface, wallowed in the gullies that on either hand run down the stream; enormous crocodiles gaped along the shore; elephants played in herds upon the pastures; the tall giraffe stalked among the lofty palms; snakes thick as trees, lay coiled in the slimy swamps; and ant-hills, ten feet high, towered above the rushes. Along the thickly peopled banks, hordes of savages showed themselves, gazing in wonder at the strange ships, and making ambiguous gestures, variously construed by the adventurers as signs of friendship or hostility. Alternately sailing and towing, as the wind served or not; constantly in sight of natives, but rarely communicating with them; often cut off for days from land by interminable fields of tangled weeds, the expedition pursued its course through innumerable perils, guarded from most of them by the liquid rampart on which it floated. Lions looked hungry, and savages shook their spears, but neither shewed a disposition to swim and board the flotilla."

EDINBURG, ECLECTIC, &c.

THIS day published, the American reprint of the Edinburg Review for July.
The Eclectic Magazine for August with a fine head of Wordsworth.
The New Englander for August, $3 a year.
CROSBY & NICHOLS, 111 Washington st, Periodical Agents. aug 11

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

No. clv for September, 1849.

Writers.

Art. I. Geo. Ticknor, Boston, and Andrews Norton, Cambridge.
II. Rev Ephraim Peabody, D.D, Boston.
III. Rev. Edward B. Hall, D.D., Providence, R.I.
IV. Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, Portsmouth, N. H.
V. Rev. J. H. Morison, Milton, Mass.
VI. Rev. James Walker, D.D., Cambridge, Mass.
VII. Benjamin A. Gould, jun., do. do.
VIII. Notices of Recent Publications.
XI. Religious and Literary Intelligence.
X. Obituaries.

*** We propose to issue a pamphlet to contain a complete list of the Writers of Articles in each number of the "Christian Examiner," from its commencement to the end of the present year. If possible, this list will also comprise the Writers of Articles in the "Christian Disciple," and will be ready early in November next.

Any person forwarding *twenty-five cents* to us, free of expense, shall receive a copy.

Boston, Sept. 8, 1849. CROSBY & NICHOLS.

COLLEGE AND SCHOOL TEXT-BOOKS—Published by D. APPLETON & CO., 200 Broadway, New York.

I. Greek and Latin.—Arnold's First and Second Latin Book and Practical Grammar, 12mo, 75 cts—Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, $1—Arnold's Cornelius Nepos, with Notes, 12mo, $1—Arnold's First Greek Book, 62 cts—Arnold's Greek Prose Composition, 12mo, 75 cts—Arnold's Greek Reading Book, edited by Spencer, 12mo, $1 50—Beza's Latin Testament, 12mo, 62 cts—Livy, with Notes, by Lincoln, 12mo, $1—Cæsar's Commentaries; Notes by Spencer, 12mo, $1—Tacitus's Histories, with Notes, by Tyler, 12mo, $1—Tacitus's Germania and Agricola; Notes by Tyler, 12mo, 62 cts.

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IV. Italian.—Foresti's Italian Reader, 12mo, $1—Ollendorff's New Method of Learning Italian, edited by F. Foresti, 12mo, $1 50—Key to do 75 cts.

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